

Semi-Weekly Bourbon News.

Independent and Democratic—Published from the Happy Side of Life—for the Benefit of Those Now Having Breath in Their Bodies. Price, \$2.00 for One Year, or \$2,000 for 1,000 Years—CASH!

VOL. II.

PARIS, BOURBON COUNTY, KENTUCKY: FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1883.

No. 165.

QUARTERLY COURT is now going on here.

CIRCUIT COURT is going on in Nicholas county.

COAL is selling at ten cents delivered in the cellar at Maysville.

THE Maysville fair will be well represented by Bourbons to-day.

SINGER has commenced his new building opposite the post-office.

ALMOST everybody is in favor of free toll on the county turnpikes.

OUR city hasn't been as dull since the days of Adam, as it was yesterday.

DURING the fire Wednesday, the Chief of Fire Department was absent!

FLIES worried a fine mule to death in Christian County, Ky., last week.

W. H. INGELS & Co., have the largest stock of black goods ever brought to Paris.

CORN will be so scarce this fall that farmers will be compelled to poll their hogs.

THE Sunday School of Ellisville, Nicholas county, will have a picnic on the 29th inst.

RICHARD CONNELLY, aged 82 years, dropped dead at Carlisle, last Thursday, of heart disease.

JOE HEDGES has rented the Varden property, above the late residence of Mrs. Higgins.

Y^e that have tears, prepare to shed them now. Uncle Tom's Cabin Combination is coming!

If there's a stray old rooster in the Cynthia precinct, he can now afford to crow and wend his way home. Conference has adjourned.

W. H. INGELS & Co., are offering decided bargains in Black and Colored Velvets and Velveteens.

H. H. SHELMAN, formerly of Carlisle, has lost three children by scarlet fever, at Oakdale, Tenn.

JAS. HUFF, of Carlisle, is organizing a telephone company from Carlisle to Mayslick and Mt. Olivet.

A BURGLAR entered W. F. Spears' house and got a dollar from his pants pocket one night last week.

THE Rev. W. B. Godby, of Carlisle, got robbed of \$15 at Stanford, by a newsboy, but recovered \$10 of it.

Two new cases of yellow fever were reported in the last twenty-four hours at the Pensacola Navy-yard.

JOHN MARSHALL, after a nine days' spree at Atlanta, killed his little girl, drank a vial of laudanum, and died.

GEORGE JUDY is having a one-story frame cottage erected on the lot adjoining the Christian Church parsonage.

THIS week is ember week in the Catholic Church—consequently to-day and to-morrow are days of fasting and abstinence.

W. H. INGELS & Co., are selling Black Silks very cheap. Every yard guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

THE Chief of our Fire Department promises to resign. Let's not let him; he looks too cute on a dog cart flying away from a fire.

REV. GODBY is conducting what is called "The First Kentucky State Holiness Camp-Meeting," at Bethel Grove, Versailles, K. C. R. R.

PERSONS who kill partridges before the 15th of October are liable to be fined \$5 for each bird. The law should be rigidly enforced.

THE Colored Bible College of the Christian Church is to be located at Mt. Sterling, and Elder Preston Taylor will be general solicitor for it.

DR. RAY wants to know where a fire goes to when it goes out? That's an easy one: it goes out to hunt the Chief of the Fire Department.

THE city of Devils Lake, Dakota, is not yet 100 days old, but already choice lots are sold at \$2,000 each. It has seven large hotels and two banks.

MINNIE KESLER, a woman of loose character, suicided about nine o'clock Monday morning, at Somerset, by firing a pistol down her throat.

ANOTHER cyclone struck John O'Brien's circus, at Barry, Illinois, and smashed things generally. One man was killed and fifteen wounded.

THOS. SADLER, freight agent of the K. C. at Maysville for many years, has been appointed ticket agent at Winchester for both the K. C. and C. & O. roads.

OUT of the 100 members elected to the House of Representatives one of them—Stuart, of Clark county—announces that he is not a candidate for Speaker.

MISS FLORENCE MITCHELL, of Midway, blew the gas out in a Louisville hotel, and was aroused from her sleep in an almost dying condition by the proprietor.

EX-GOVERNOR HICKENLOOPER, of Ohio, has sued Ex-Governor J. C. Underwood, of the Cincinnati News-Journal, for \$100,000 damages for a libelous publication.

PROF. A. M. GUTZTAT having withdrawn his services from the Bourbon Female College, is now prepared to put in all of his time in teaching music. See his card in this issue.

In an accident to an excursion train on the Chesapeake, Ohio and Southwestern road, yesterday, Fireman Jake Powell was killed and Joseph Hoits, a passenger, had a leg broken.

GEO. KELLEY, a Georgian, who has been at work in this county putting up wire fence, borrowed a mule from Lee Smith to ride to Lexington on business, and was arrested and falsely imprisoned by the police of that place, a day or two ago.

THE Enterprise Carriage Works burned at Cincinnati Wednesday morning. Loss, \$30,000.

MR. GRANT MOORE, a tonsorial artist of the first water, from Lexington, has engaged his services to Henry Daum.

PAT FALLON won a suit in court yesterday of 80 cents against John Deavers. The costs of the suit were several dollars.

Craft's Enquirer letter has convinced lots of good people here of his innocence. In fact, many here have always held that he was innocent.

Now the fairs, Conference and the races will all be over this week, we have nothing in the way of pleasurable events in the neighborhood to look forward to but the hanging of Craft.

A GAME chicken hen in Clark county laid a setting of eggs in the top of a sixty-foot red oak tree and hatched out ten chickens, which the owner of the hen now has, all alive and chirping on terra firma.

THE new crop of apple brandy has made its appearance in Morgan county, and the people can now afford to bid good-bye to the watermelon season, in consequence of their second heaven being ushered in on them.

JAS. McCURE desires the NEWS to publicly return thanks to the people, both white and black, who so kindly rendered assistance in saving his household goods from the flames of his burning building, Wednesday afternoon.

DR. M. DILLS and Wm. Kenney have bought the drug store of Fritts & Son, and will take possession the 1st of October. Dr. Dilks will continue to practice his profession and will put a first-class pharmacist in the store.—[Carlisle Mercury.]

J. H. McCALL, who has been here for several years engaged in business at Blue Licks has moved to Little Rock, Bourbon County, where he and Thos. Overby have opened a general store. Mr. Overby will reside in Paris.—[Carlisle Mercury.]

We have it from good railroad authority, that the Paris passenger depot will certainly be moved to the Richmond Junction, in case certain farmers who are now kicking about the Winchester crossing present the road to the Grand Jury and fine the same for prosecuting their daily duty.

A TENNESSEE liar named Kister, has written a postal to our postmaster, which says: I drop you a card to let you know that W. C. Fair says he raised corn that the stalks are six inches in diameter, and thirty feet high. Six good ears and four rubbings on a stalk. It is fifteen feet to the first ear. If you want some, he will sell it at 25 cents per grain.

THE coroner's jury at Winchester has decided that the train collision and explosion there, a few weeks ago, was the fault of the railroad employees on both roads. Considering the time he has consumed in making the inquest, it is a wonder that he didn't lay it on Providence, as a crank at Mt. Sterling has already done, because of the roads running trains on Sunday.

THE Ford brothers, Charles and Robert, noted as the slayers of the famous outlaw, Jesse James, appeared in a variety theater at Louisville, Tuesday night, but were received with derisive yells, which almost approached a riot when the scene of the killing of the bandit was enacted. The Fords were greatly dismayed at the demonstration, and say they have had enough of Kentucky audiences.

ELLIS CRAFT, the condemned man, had a two-and-a-half column letter in yesterday's Cincinnati Enquirer, in which he makes it very plausible that he is an innocent man, and says that inasmuch that he is to be hanged on Oct. 12th, he desires the presence of Jim Hefflin, Abe Campbell, Jno. Russell, John Callender, Capt. Wise and Charles Countz, whom he alleges, with Geo. Ellis swore his life away.

THE doors of the Indiana female penitentiary swung open Thursday to release Nancy E. Clem, who was five times tried for the murder of Jacob and Nancy Young, and who was at last imprisoned for four years for perjury. She is now 35 years of age, gray and haggard. Her husband procured a divorce, last spring, which made her morose. Her son went to the prison and escorted her to his home in Indianapolis.

Jas. McCure's Residence Burned.

Wednesday afternoon at 3:30, the residence of Jas. McCure, in the eastern suburbs of this city, burned to the ground—his household and kitchen furniture all being saved. The Fire Department were promptly on the grounds, but the nearest cistern being so located that the reel hose could not reach the fire by about fifty yards. The building cost about \$1,200, and was insured for \$600. This is the second misfortune that Mr. McCure has experienced by fire, and himself and family have the unbounded sympathy of everybody.

Neighboring Appointments of Conference.

Lexington District—H. B. Walker, P. E.; Paris, D. A. Beardsley; Frankfort, M. Evans; Versailles, J. A. Henderson; Millersburg, D. B. Cooper; Flemingsburg, J. S. Sims; Tilton, W. Shore-smith; Hillsboro, R. H. Wightman; Orangeburg, W. T. Benton; Sharpsburg, H. C. Wright; Carlisle, W. H. Anderson; Owensville, H. G. Henderson; Carlisle Circuit, G. Demare; Mt. Olivet, S. A. Day; Shannon and Sardis, W. W. Shades; Germantown, W. D. Power; Vanceburg, to be supplied; Concord, B. F. Ledwick; Washington, F. T. Pollett; Newport, A. Redd; Morehead Mission, G. T. Gould; Millersburg Female College, President J. C. Newton.

Covington District—Chas. Taylor, P. E.; Scott street, Covington, G. C. Kelly; Eleventh street, Covington, J. R. Peoples; Newport, J. B. A. Vaught; Highland, B. F. Bristow; Brookville, and Augusta, V. B. L. Gosling; Powersville, C. B. Gange; Foster, J. C. Minor; Alexandria, P. H. Hoffman; Paducah, T. F. Talfer; Cynthia, M. W. Hine; Adolphville, E. B. Hall; Isabella, S. B. Deering; Williamsburg, G. W. Young; Stewartsville, J. N. Current; Warsaw, G. S. Hubert; District Superintendent, A. B. Society; Professor of Hebrew Vanberbilt University, T. J. Dodd; Walton and Petersburg, G. Froh.

The next Conference will be held in Mt. Sterling, next September.

SCINTILLATIONS.

—The Falmouth Guide has a cross-eyed, left-handed lady compositor.

—Miss Mildred Lee, daughter of General Robert E. Lee, is visiting in Boston.

—John B. Miller and wife left last week for their home in Washington City.

A Jersey cow, for which the owner paid \$1,710, died recently in Shelby county.

—Oscar Johnson, formerly of this city, but now of Richmond, was in town Tuesday.

—Fall fashions are slow in making their appearance, on account of this hot weather.

—When doctors disagree, death generally settles the argument by bringing in a coffin.

—Mrs. Gov. Knott has gone to Bowling Green for several weeks on a visit to her relatives.

—Joe Quisenberry and Tom Helm Clay are going to move into town to educate their children.

—The President left Washington yesterday, for New York State on a bass-fishing excursion.

—Two daughters of Newt. Coons, near Union, Nicholas county, are lying low with typhoid fever.

—Senator Williams gets himself into the Philadelphia Times as "a handsome man with a curly wig."

—Miss Lucy Alexander, of Paris, is visiting Mrs. Sam Clay, east High street.—[Lexington Transcript.]

Milt Young, of McGrathina Stock Farm, Fayette county, has had a daughter presented him by his wife.

—W. A. Hill, Geo. D. Mitchell and Chas. Fothergill, leave to-day for Cincinnati, to take in the exposition.

—Col. Billy Breckenridge will address a reunion of the First Kentucky Cavalry, at Owensboro, on the 29th.

—Craddock, Bob Smith, and Bill Polk are billed for the judges in a baby show ring at the Ashland fair, Oct. 4th.

—A young lady of this city has spoken for the rope with which Craft is to be hanged—to be used as a jumping rope.

—Cincinnati never was so crowded with people as now. The races, exposition and fall shopping all being in season.

—Jno. Swiney, Judge Turney, Thos. Phillips and other noted turfmens of this city, are attending the Latonia races.

—Tom McGinley, bus driver of this city, left yesterday for Mason county, to visit his brother who is at the point of death.

—Capt. R. S. Cheves has withdrawn from the Southern Herald, and will devote his whole time to lecturing on temperance.

—The premium for the best boy riders at Maysville fair, were won by Thos. Goff, of Dover, and W. S. Wells, of Murphysville.

—Misses Lucy and May Colville and Bettie Neely, of Paris, are visiting at Mr. Samuel Colville's, in this county.—[Carlisle Mercury.]

—The young men of Cynthia have a \$5 suit of clothes to wear on his new circuit—Maysville.

—Fall and Winter bonnets will have square, ample crowns to accommodate the hair, which is in a coil on the top of the head.

—Bees taken to Florida become lazy, and make only as much honey as they need from day to day. Same way with the men who go there.

—O. J. Wiggins and wife, of Covington, have returned home, after a protracted visit in the South-west, for the benefit of the former's health.

—Next Sunday morning the Merry Young Bachelors, a club composed of some of the best young men of Covington, will visit Lexington on a pleasure trip.

—Mrs. Peck, mother of Mrs. W. H. Fisher, is lying at the point of death at Mrs. Fisher's home, in this county. Friends in the West have been telegraphed for.

—Ex-Senator David Davis has purchased a large tract of land near Fayetteville, N. C., and will spend most of this fall there superintending the making of improvements thereon.

—George Peck has dramatized "Peck's Bad Boy." It will be produced under the title of "Peck's Bad Boy and His Pa." in October. The Bad Boy's father dramatizes every time he goes out.

—Col. W. A. Hamilton and Miss Ida entertained Tuesday night at the residence of Gen. John S. Williams, Montgomery county, in honor of their guest Mr. Stuart, from White Sulphur, Va.

—Mrs. Jennie Kirby has gone to Seymour, Ind., for a two-weeks' recreation, after which she will return to her dress-making establishment with a full corps of hands and commence business.

—C. P. Huntington, the railroad magnate, was a poor boy and a hard working man. He did not begin to accumulate his immense fortune until he was past forty, when he staked all his savings on the scheme of the Pacific Railroad.

—A Methodist preacher at Newark, New Jersey murdered his wife and attempted suicide, another has been arrested in Cleveland, Ohio, for stealing \$3 worth of stamps, and a Baptist minister has been dismissed from a Georgia congregation for the attempted seduction of several young girls—all within a week.

—Mrs. Hattie Hill writes a postal from Richmond, Ind., complaining that she does not get her BOURBON NEWS, and that "she would not miss it for anything—it is as good as a dozen letters." She ought to ask her postmaster for it. It is sent regularly. Postmasters always lie to persons supposed to be transient citizens, and never look for their mail until they're dogged about it a dozen times. Mrs. Hill is requested to show this to the Richmond postmaster.

DR. GUERANT has had eight additions to his meeting at Lair's.

PROF. B. F. CABELL, of Cedar Bluff College, Warren county, has in his possession an Egyptian coin bearing the date of 1280, making it nearly six centuries old. The coin was presented to the Professor by Dr. Whitaker of the U. S. Navy. It is of copper and worn slick from its long friction with the world.—[Bowling Green Gazette.]



The Trader, Turfman, Farmer and Sportsman.

The owner of Jay-Eye-See has refused \$30,000 for him.

Lizzie S. came in for first honors Tuesday, at the Latonia races.

A Lexington man bought 30,000 pounds of hemp recently in Clark county, at \$5.25, delivered.

Maud S should keep her hazel eye on Jay-Eye-See. A horse that can trot in 2:10 3/4 needs watching.

Frank Harper, of Woodford, has brought sit against several noted turfmen here, for season money to Longfellow.

Either Cyclone or Alexander will down old Reville at Maysville to-day, and don't forget to keep your money in your pocket, for certain.

New York sporting men are making up a purse of \$5,000 to be trotted for by Jay-Eye-See and St. Julien on September 29th, at New York.

Defender won the 230 purse at Maysville, Wednesday, in three straight heats. In the 3-year-old, stakes Stewart won in three straight heats.

Obermeyer, Wallflower, Lelax, and Lizzie S., were the winners at Latonia, Wednesday—the latter making her mile in 1:43 3/4, the best time ever made on that track.

Wm. Rockaveller's team, Cleora and Independence, driven by J. P. Gilbert, trotted on Charter Oak Park Saturday to beat 2:18 on a private wager. The mile was made in 2:17.

With the exception of a small territory around Paris, the grass, crops and all vegetation between Covington and Lexington is burned to a crisp by the drouth. It is perfectly terrible to behold.

Keller Thomas has shipped the celebrated stallion New York, to his owner, H. P. Wade, of Jefferson, Ohio, for recreation between seasons, and will be returned next Spring. Two of his colts accompany him.

—It is found from reports just received from the tobacco-growing districts that the tobacco crop in the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky and Wisconsin has greatly suffered from the recent frosts.

There's scarcely a corn crop between Cynthia and Covington, on the railroad, that is worth cutting. Most of the crops could be cut with a cradle and bound in small bundles like wheat, and saved in better style than the old way.

Col. M. Lewis Clark, of Louisville, has received telegrams from Latonia and the East saying that 200 horses from the former and thirty from the latter would arrive at the Jockey Club grounds in a few days to take part in the coming race meeting.

A Woodford county farmer estimates that it costs \$7.50 to raise an acre of wheat, from plowing to threshing; \$7.15 to raise an acre of corn, and \$1 to raise an acre of potatoes. Eighteen bushels to the acre, at \$1 per bushel, the wheat will net \$10.15; eight barrels of corn, at \$2 per barrel, will net \$8.55, and 150 bushels of potatoes, at twenty-five cents per bushel, will net \$37.50.

The jury in the case of Lewis Merline against the K. C. road for killing a cow at Millersburg, disagreed and were discharged.

W. H. INGELS & Co., are selling all wool Cashmere, 40 inches wide for 50 cents cash.

To the wife of Mrs. John Morris, of this county, an heir—a male child.

W. H. INGELS & Co., are selling 4x1 Bleached Cotton, equal to Lonsdale for 8 1/2 cents cash.

Miss Lulu Soper, a Georgetown belle, and daughter of Mr. Robert Soper, will be married on the 28th inst., to Mr. George W. Middleton, of Denver, Col. The ceremony will take place at the Christian church, at 8 1/2 o'clock.

Miss Lena Oliver eloped Monday with A. M. Skinner, of Bourbon, to Cincinnati where they were married and went to Chattanooga on a bridal tour. The bride is one of our sweetest and most amiable young ladies and the groom is to be congratulated on his good luck.—Winchester Democrat.

At Centerville, this county, on Tuesday night, Frank Boyd, after a lingering illness of several months. He formerly kept a grocery in this city, and leaves a wife and several children.

Charles Redmon, sr., died at his home in this county, Wednesday night, after a painful illness of disease of the kidneys. He had been a sufferer in a mild form for several years, and was apparently in splendid health, and was up and attending to business within a few days of his death. Burial to-morrow at 10:30.

Henry Craig, col'd, ex-driver of the express wagon, died last Tuesday night, of consumption, after a long illness. He had been in the employ of the Adams Express Company at this place for fifteen years, and was respected for his honest demeanor and gentle bearing, by everybody. The employees of the company here sent to Cincinnati and bought a fine floral wreath to be used at his burial service.

W. H. N. JOHNSON, Prop'r. W. B. CONWAY, Clerk. JOHN J. LONG, Prop'r. JOHN J. LONG, Clerk.

JOHNSON HOUSE, MILLERSBURG, KY.

One square from the depot. Good Livery Stable Attached. The kind attention given and guests made comfortable.

Good Sample Rooms. A table filled with all the delicacies of the season. RATES REASONABLE.

WM. KENNEY, M. D., PRACTITIONER OF MEDICINE & SURGERY.

May be found during the day, when not professionally engaged, at Brooks & Lyman's Drug Store, at night, at the residence of Prof. E. Amende, on High st.

CHRIS. GROSCHKE, BAKER & CONFECTIONER.

DEALER IN Fruits, Cakes, Fancy Goods, Cigars and Tobacco, &c.

FRESH BREAD EVERY DAY.

One door above the Thurston House.

NEW DRUG STORE.

DR. H. B. DAVIS, formerly with Davis & Lyle, respectfully informs the public that he can be found one door above the post-office, where he has a new and complete stock of drugs—in fact, everything in the drug line as new, bright and shining as a silver dollar.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, from the purest drugs.

The purest and oldest liquors for medicinal purposes only, and the finest cigars and tobacco on the market, kept constantly on hand.

A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

S. B. EWALT, LIVERY SALE AND COMMISSION STABLE.

High Street, Paris, Kentucky.

Will break colts to best advantage. Horses bought and sold on a small margin, also boarded on as good terms as any other stables in Paris.

GEO. W. DAVIS, DEALER IN FURNITURE.

Window Shades, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattresses, &c.

Special Attention Given to Undertaking and Repairing.

Main Street, Paris, Ky.

R. M. KENNEY, SURVEYOR.

PARIS, KY.

Will attend to all calls in his line, in Bourbon and surrounding counties, with promptness. Charges Reasonable.

T. V. HALL, ARCHITECT.

—AND—MECHANICAL ENGINEER.

[formerly of Cincinnati.] MILLERSBURG, KY.

Designs, Drawings and Specifications including costs on all Architecture and Machinery, furnished accurately and promptly.

sep19y

HENRY DAUM, Fashionable Barber.

OPP. ODD FELLOWS HALL, PA. 8, KY.

RHEUMATISM! Immediate Relief in all Cases by DR. RUSH'S BLOOD ROOT OIL.

Cured of Rheumatism in Two Hours. BUFFALO, N. Y., May 2, 1882.

Dr. Rush's Medical Association:

GENTLEMEN—I have been troubled with rheumatism for two years. I tried all the best advertised oils and liniments, and nothing relieved me. I was told to try Dr. Rush's "Blood Root Oil." I purchased a large bottle of fifty cents, and applied it. In two hours I was relieved and now I am entirely well. Its effects are wonderful, and I believe it the only thing in the world which will cure rheumatism. Truly Yours, JOHN HUTCHISON, 89 Erie St., Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. RUSH'S BLOOD ROOT OIL

has no equal in the world as a Liniment or Oil. It is a Cheap, Simple, Safe and Sure external remedy for man or beast. It never fails to cure.

RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frost-bitten Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches. It is put up in two sizes. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Druggists everywhere, or sent direct upon receipt of price by DR. RUSH'S MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Nunda, N. Y., U. S. A.

JOHN J. LONG, Prop'r. JOHN J. LONG, Clerk.

PURNELL HOUSE, MILLERSBURG, KY.

Rates, Two Dollars Per Day.

Nine Sample Rooms for Commercial men.

[Livery and Sale Stable Connected]

FIRE INSURANCE!

J. M. JONES, AGENT FOR LARGEST COMPANIES IN THE WORLD.

Losses Promptly Paid.

Rates as Low as The Lowest.

"BLUE GRASS ROUTE" KY. CENTRAL RAIL ROAD.

Is the shortest and quickest route to MISSOURI, KANSAS and TEXAS. Tickets to all points North, East and West.

Time Card in Effect July 29th, '83:

TRAINS SOUTH.

Live Covington 8:50 am 3:00 pm

Live Falmouth 9:20 am 3:30 pm

Live Carlisle 9:50 am 4:00 pm

Live Winchester 10:20 am 4:30 pm

The Fastest Possible Trotter.

How fast will the fastest possible trotter go? What is the highest speed that can ever be attained by the American trotting horse for a distance of one mile?

These are questions which well known scientific men, Prof. William H. Brewer, of Connecticut, and Mr. Francis E. Nipher, of Missouri, have lately endeavored to answer in three papers contributed to the *American Journal of Science*. The first of these articles, by Prof. Brewer, appeared in April. The contributions of Mr. Nipher are published in the numbers for July and August.

Prof. Brewer publishes a table showing the number of trotting horses which have attained or surpassed various rates of speed ranging from 2:30 to 2:11 for a series of years extending from 1843 to 1892. From this table it appears that in 1843 there was only one horse that had trotted a mile in 2:30 or better; in 1853 the number had increased to 14; in 1863 to 59; in 1873 to 176; in 1882 to 1,684. The table also shows that up to 1882, 495 horses had trotted a mile in 2:25 or better; 275 in 2:23 or better; 156 in 2:21 or better; 60 in 2:19 or better; 18 in 2:17 or better; and 8 in 2:15 or better. "I leave it to mathematicians," said Prof. Brewer in reference to the table, "to plot the curves which immediately suggest themselves to determine how fast horses will ultimately trot and when this maximum will be reached."

Mr. Nipher has undertaken the task thus suggested. His first conclusion, as stated in the July number of the *American Journal of Science*, was that the maximum speed to which the American trotting horse will constantly approximate, but never reach, is one mile in 92 seconds, or 1:32. He also concludes that the time of the trotting horse will be reduced to within one second of this figure in 360 years after the year 1860; that is to say, in the year of our Lord 2220. Mr. Nipher does not claim absolute precision for his results, and says that the maximum speed may possibly be as great as 100 seconds. In the course of ten years, however, he thinks the limit can be fixed with accuracy, and he is quite clear that eventually the maximum speed of trotting and running horses will differ only by a few seconds.

In his last article Mr. Nipher states that he has made a new calculation by mathematical instead of graphical methods, and has thus obtained 91 seconds, instead of 92 seconds, as the most probable figures for the minimum time of trotting a mile. The probable error of this value, he says, is not over four seconds, and it is not likely that the running horse will cut his record down by five seconds, so that it is probable the trotter will finally surpass the running horse.

If this prediction is verified, the inhabitants of the United States in the twenty-third century will have horses that can get over the ground by means of an artificial gait faster than a natural gait. We believe all writers agree that running is natural to horses, while fast trotting is not. Mr. Nipher states, however, as a well-known fact that some herds of wild horses on the plains were natural pacers, so fast and steady that they nearly all preserved their paces gait even when pursued by the best running horses. He speaks of one large white Texan pacer that could never be caught. —N. Y. Sun.

Fascinated by Funerals.

"Do you see that nice-looking little old lady over by the stained window?" asked a fashionable undertaker of the reporter. "I mean the quaint, respectable-looking little personage, with the black satin dress and black crape shawl."

The reporter saw her. "Well," continued the undertaker, with an appreciative smile. "She's as fine a regular attendant as any establishment in this city can produce. I send her an invitation to all my nice funerals, and I have sometimes sent a carriage for her when I knew mourners would be scarce. She is never really happy unless she is at a funeral. She won't touch weddings, as most people will, her sole amusement, so to speak, is a first-class funeral; and the undertaker looked over to the old lady with a tender professional interest."

"I have some other nice people on my list, he went on. "One of my most graceful mourners lives on Forty-eighth street, and seldom gets down this way, but she hardly ever passes a day without a funeral, and I never saw her at one when she couldn't shed tears with the best of them. She's one of the heart-brokenest ladies I ever had for a 'regular.' Does she really feel badly? Well, I should say he did, most decidedly. She always has a word to say to the family, if she thinks they need comforting, and is very careful to learn all the particulars. Why, she can tell me the details about some of my own funerals that I had forgotten years ago. She's as good as a set of books."

"Oh, no, there's nothing hysterical about those cases at all. I've got some men that do just the same thing. There is one now. He's a curious customer. I sometimes lose sight of him for six months, and then all of a sudden he'll turn up and not miss a funeral. Of course, I couldn't ask the women folks why they came, but I asked him one day. He said he couldn't describe exactly the kind of feeling it gave him, but he thought it sort of quieted his mind and soothed his feelings like. He made one remark about it that I never could quite get the hang of, though I dare say it had a certain meaning for him. He said, 'I haven't got any friends at all myself, and so I like to go to funerals.' A lady volunteered almost the same kind of remarks to me once after she had been to four or five of my best funerals. She said it to make me feel kind of friendly, you know, and then they are kind to me; and, besides I feel afraid and solemn, and it always does me good."

"I think it would be unjust to call it mere curiosity that brings them here, though I have noticed that some of these people watch every detail with the most intense curiosity. They seem fascinated by the presence of death, and their sympathies are moved by the grief of the living. You might think they were very solemn people, but the contrary is the case. Some of them are remarkably cheerful, in fact. That little old lady is always very pleasant and vivacious after the ceremony is over. She always comes up and shakes hands with me, and

is as agreeable a person as one would wish to meet."

"There's an unusually lively and pleasant gentleman living in the Ninth ward who occasionally drops in at my funerals. He does not make it a point to go to them, but, as he says himself, he can never get past them. He told me he was obliged to go in; no matter how important his business might be, he would forget all about it as soon as he saw the hearse and carriages. The first time I saw him at a funeral I thought he was certainly one of the nearest relatives. He is a very large, round-faced, benevolent-looking gentleman, that would be observed in any crowd. On this occasion, after he had looked at the deceased person for a few moments, he became greatly overcome with emotion, and some one led him to a chair. Each one of the mourners supposed, of course, that he was known to the others. He wept throughout the discourse, and after it was over shook hands all around with the mourners, and showed a good deal of fervent and, I have no doubt, genuine sympathy. I did not know until some time afterward that he was a dummy—that's the name we sometimes call them by. This man is really as jolly a fellow as you ever met, and they say he has been requested to leave theatres more than once, in case he would not subdue a particularly substantial laugh which he possesses. In fact, most of these people who love to go to funerals are good-hearted people. It is not true, as has sometimes been said, that they are touched a little in the head. The fact seems to be that they are emotional and sympathetic, and are strongly affected by any awe-inspiring scene. Even young girls and boys have now and then a fancy for funerals, though none of them can say why. Most of them say it makes them 'feel better,' but if you ask where or how, they cannot say. They all watch everything as though in a sort of dream."

"One of my best hearers drivers used, as a boy, to be a regular attendant at funerals. One day he came around to my stable and asked if he might help us. I let him do so, and after a while he used to take a hand regularly in keeping the hearse in order. When he got old enough to go to work his father had to bring him to me—he wouldn't work anywhere else. If you ask him why he likes this business, he'll tell you he don't know. A slim, middle-aged man here addressed the undertaker, and was received by that personage in a most friendly manner. The slim man suggested that there might be some way he could be of use before the services were done."

"Now, there's a man," said the undertaker, "who is interested only in the mechanical part of the business. He goes to almost all my funerals, but seems to feel no special sorrow or sympathy. His whole mind is taken up with the conduct of the funeral. To suit him, the business must be done with the most solemn exactitude. He said to me the other day that if he could only once have complete charge of a large funeral he would be happy for the rest of his life." —N. Y. Sun.

An Indian Jungle.

A gloomy damp forest it was, with thick underwood and high trees excluding the sun's cheering and drying influence; immense, apparently endless, rope-like rattans and creepers hung in festoons everywhere, long beard-like silvery gray lichen, and here and there brilliantly colored and fantastically shaped orchids adorned the giant stems, the only bright color in the monotony of shades of green, except when a gorgeously colored parakeet flashed past screeching, or a more sober tree dove flew startled from its hiding place. Sometimes we met a party of laughing thrushes, chuckling to themselves as if over some very good joke, never quiet for one moment, perpetually bustling about from branch to branch. They nearly always attend a large company of jungle fowl, the ancestors of our domestic bird, under the leadership of that most magnificent potentate, the jungle cock, who struts about in his brilliant plumage, armed with his long spurs, and making the forest echo with his defiant crow. Startled by our approach, with a cawing and cackling, off they go, making for the nearest bush or tree, upon the branches of which they settle, but not before they have contributed their share to our larder. The young birds are very good eating; the old ones will only just do for soup of the thinnest nature. But we have also paid toll to the inhabitants of the forest—a toll collected in nothing less precious than in our own life-blood, inexorably exacted, in spite of all precaution and care. The curse of the damp forests—the leech—is the tax-gatherer, and do what one will, there is no escaping him. Tiny little corker-like creatures wait for the traveler everywhere, standing up erect, and twisting their attenuated head extremity about, constantly feeling about for something to fasten upon. Almost thread-like, half starved, and hideous, they dispute the passage through the jungle paths, and cling to any living thing that may pass. Nothing will keep them out with their needle-like head; they work their way through any stocking, through the smallest opening in boot, gaiter, or garment, and very soon they are hard at work gorging themselves until they drop from sheer repletion and weight, leaving, however, the wound still bleeding. The leeches are horrid creatures, and not only is the attack made from below, but they find their way down the nape of one's neck, brushed from the leaves and branches on the road. The natives, who generally go about bare-legged, discover the bloodsucker before he has done much damage, but the European, with his more elaborate clothing, has to wait patiently and suffer until he can remove it and wreak his vengeance on these pests of the jungle. —The London Field.

A lunatic in the general hospital, of Buffalo, N. Y., was given a private room on the third floor, and taking advantage of an open door recently, he rushed out and jumped through the window opposite of the door to the ground, a distance of fifty feet. His keepers, who saw him leap, hastened down stairs expecting to find a lifeless corpse. Instead, however, they were surprised to find him sitting up in the grass as complacently as if he had used the free-escape in descending. —Buffalo Express.

Great Loss in the Diamond Fields.

The late unfavorable news from the African diamond fields has been the cause for quite an advance in diamonds both in Europe and American markets.

Mr. H. B. Joseph, one of the passengers by the Austrian bark, Lea, just arrived at New York from Cape Town, and who is a Cape commission dealer in diamonds, copper, wool, etc., tells most distressing tales of the great suffering in Cape Colony. In parts of the country, he says, there has been no rain for three years, and the people are starving. The condition of affairs in Cape Town, at Kimberly, Du Toits Pan (the diamond fields), the Leydenburg gold fields, the Orange Free State, and surrounding country is worse than it has been for years. What adds to the general distress consequent on the failure of the crops, is a disaster at the great diamond mine at Kimberly, 600 miles up from Cape Town and 400 miles from Natal. The mine is 380 feet deep and 1½ miles in circumference. The soft debris has fallen back into the mine in such quantities that it is estimated that eighteen months will be required for its removal.

Upward of 4,000 tons fell within twenty-four hours. The extent of the calamity can be judged by the fact that this celebrated mine has yielded \$15,000,000 in diamonds a year. The effect at Cape Town has been most disastrous. The revenue has fallen off 50 per cent, and the mining shares have gone down to 75 per cent. It is estimated, said Mr. Joseph, that it will cost \$1,250,000 to clear the mine. The fall in the price of diamond shares has ended in a great tragedy. There are sixty-five diamond mining companies, with a subscribed capital of \$35,000,000, and of these companies only fourteen are paying dividends. Most of these mines are within a radius of 150 miles, and at an average of 600 miles from Cape Town. The extent of the commercial convulsion is illustrated by the Great Central Diamond Company. It has a subscribed capital of \$4,500,000, and paid taxes on \$4,200,000. Two years ago the shares were rated \$1,800 each, but today they are worth only \$400.

The Freres' Diamond Mining Company at De Beers, a quarter of a mile from the Kimberly mine, with a subscribed capital of \$650,000—\$500 a share—has been sold out by the Sheriff for \$75,000 for rates owed to the mining board. Mr. Herm Wilegroot, a leading merchant, blew out his brains on account of all these troubles, and two weeks afterward Mr. R. S. Schouz, resident magistrate, killed himself. Altogether, there have been about ten suicides of leading men caused by the commercial depression. The most terrible stories of starvation come from the copper region, especially from the neighborhood of the Manamagaland mines. Cap Segarich said that commercial circles in Cape Colony are so greatly depressed that many of the colonists are returning to Europe, especially to England. He said he could have brought many more passengers if he had had room.

If these reports prove true, there is no doubt but that the recent advance of from twenty-five to thirty per cent in diamonds will be followed by others, and those dealers who have bought before the rise will be among the most fortunate of the trade. —Jeweler's Journal.

A Very Good Egg Story.

Last April parties from Paterson rented a building on Broad street in this city. They began a manufacturing business, and evidently did a lively trade. Barrels and boxes were shipped daily to New York. They employed a score or more of workmen, who were reticent when questioned about their work. I went into the place the other day to solicit an advertisement for the *Sunday Call*. I found the proprietor an educated and refined gentleman. He invited me into his office, and I questioned him about his business.

"Well," he replied, after a moment's hesitation, "I can't say that we wish to advertise, nor, in fact, to have our business known; but as it will probably all leak out before long, I may as well tell you. We are making artificial eggs by a process of my own, on which I have but recently received my patents. Look in the other room. All the eggs you see there are made in this place. Here is one. Let me break it open." He broke it open, and showed me what appeared to be the inside of a real egg. "Oh, it's a fact."

"Do you mean to say that you made that egg without the assistance of a hen?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "and if you wish I will show you something of our process. Come."

He led me through the room in which there were stored boxes upon boxes of eggs, and into another large, cool room in the rear. Everything was clean and neat. Several strange-looking wooden machines, totally unlike anything I had ever seen, stood in different parts of the room. Six or seven men were operating the machinery, which moved noiselessly and with great rapidity. I followed my conductor to one end of the apartment where there were three large tanks or vats. One was filled with a yellow compound, the second with a starchy mixture, and the other was covered. Pointing to these the proprietor said: "These contain the yolk mixture and the white of egg. We empty the vats every day, so you can judge of the extent of the business already. Let me show you one of the machines. You see they are divided into different boxes or receptacles. The first and second are for yolk and white. The next is what we term the 'skin' machine, and the last one is the sheller, with drying trays. This process is the result of many years of experience and expense. I first conceived the idea after making a chemical analysis of an egg. After a long time I succeeded in making a good imitation of an egg. I then turned my attention to making the machinery, and the result you see for yourself. Of course it would not be policy for me to explain all the mechanism, but I'll give you an idea of the process. Into the first machine is put the yolk mixture."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Well, it's a mixture of Indian meal, corn starch, and several other ingredients. It is poured into the opening in a thick, mushy state, and is formed by the machine into a ball and frozen. In this condition it passes into the other box,

where it is surrounded by the white, which is chemically the same as the real egg. This is also frozen, and by a peculiar rotary motion of the machine an oval shape is imparted to it, and it passes into the next receptacle, where it receives the thin film of shell. After this it has only to go into the sheller, where it gets its last coat in the shape of a plaster of Paris shell, a trifle thicker than the genuine article. Then it goes out on the drying trays, where the shell dries at once, and the inside thaws out gradually. It becomes, to all appearances, a real egg."

"How many eggs can you turn out in a day?"

"Well, as we are running now, we turn out a thousand or so every hour."

"Many orders?"

"Why, bless your soul, yes. We cannot fill one-half of our orders. All we can make now are taken by two New York wholesale grocers alone. We charge \$13 per thousand for them, and they retail at all prices, from twelve to thirty cents per dozen. We sell only to the wholesale houses. I suppose plenty of these eggs are eaten in Newark as well as in other places. Col. Zulick, Billy Wright, Honest Andrew Albright, Joe Haines, Judge Johnson, Judge Henry, and all Newark's candidates for Governor, are living on them. They are perfectly harmless, and as substantial and wholesome as a real egg. The reason we made the machinery of wood is because we found that the presence of metal of any kind spoiled the flavor and prevented the cooking of the eggs."

"Can they be boiled?"

"Oh, yes; and he called one of the men. 'Here, Jim, boil this gentleman an egg.'"

"Can they be detected?" I inquired, while the bogus egg was being boiled.

"I hardly think that anybody would be likely to observe any difference unless he happened to be well posted, as they look and taste like the real thing. We can by a little flavoring make them taste like goose or duck eggs, of course altering the size. They will keep for years. That one you have just eaten was nearly a year old. They never spoil nor become rotten, and, being harder and thicker in their shells, they will stand shipping better than real eggs. We calculate that in a few years we will run the hens of the country clean out of business, as oleomargarine has driven out butter. We have a curious order to fill next year of a lot of different-colored Easter eggs. By an improvement in our machinery, we contemplate turning them out hard boiled. Oh, it's a big thing, and capable, I suppose, of being brought to still greater perfection. One of my employees here insists that, if I go to work at it, I can invent a machine which will run the eggs into an incubator and hatch out spring chickens. Call in again when we have enlarged our place, and maybe we will have more to show you. Good morning. —Newark, N. J. cor. N. Y. Sun.

"Oleo" Ice-Cream.

This is the latest thing out in the way of adulteration of food from tallow, which was once the humble article of commerce used in the manufacture of candles, soap and wagon grease. Its first elevation to the peerage of human food was to our hotels in the shape of "fine Orange County butter," which made the Jersey heifer blush for shame. Next it turned up as a competitor of the American hog, having driven the ancient and honorable cow into the solitude of the rural cheese factory, when we had "prime steam," "prime kettle," and "pure refined" lard, all made with "oleo." But this last is the greatest leap of all, as it has reached the top round of the ladder of human delectation as well as of exclusiveness. There is only one more "raise" possible for it, and that is not in the human category of progress or enterprise. It may yet become so refined and elevated as to be used as "angel's food." Having thus passed from the human to the divine sphere of use and nourishment, it may eventually become a delicacy of the gods; and when Juno wants to get the right side of Jove, she will invite him to sip of "oleo" ices washed down with "oleo" nectar.

Our readers may imagine this is all a joke; but we are in earnest, we assure you; we are assured by a gentleman in the "oleo" trade that ice-cream is now actually made of "oleo." What destruction! What destruction of all the fond memories, the poetry, the romance and the sweetness of the nice young man's first dream of love! No more can he make his Dulcinea happy and at the same time get a square meal for himself for twenty-five cents. Those halcyon days are past. The rude hand of science is destroying the great American elixir of this life, ice-cream, with all the fond hopes and the freshness of life which hover like sainted memories about its sacred name, as it is undermining the solace of the future life—theology. Thus disappear our old landmarks of love and religion, one after another, in such rapid succession, that before long "science" will deprive us of all knowledge of what we eat to support the life of the body, as it seeks to deprive us of all "knowledge" of what will perpetuate the life of the soul, while the poor young lovers are left suspended between heaven and earth—as Pope would say—too ethereal for the one, too hungry for the other, and no half way "ice-cream saloon" where they can quench their physical and spiritual thirst and hunger, and look deep into each other's liquid eyes until they should see their love reflected in those mirrors of the soul. Give us Tantalus' fate rather than theirs. Without ice-cream life would be a burden to a large class of our population, and suicides will rapidly increase. Either this must be, and ice-cream prohibited by law, or hereafter we must take our chances of getting our soap, candles and ice-cream served up at the same time and in the same dish, unless we abolish the saloon, buy a freezer, take our girls down in the cellar, and while two souls shall beat as one, make our own ice-cream. —Daily.

George Wegan is an employee of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, in Hazleton, Pa. He has six fingers and a thumb on each hand, and seven toes on one foot and six on the other. One finger on each hand grows from the wrist, above the thumb. On the right hand there are two little fingers. Every finger and toe is perfectly formed. —Philadelphia Press.

Is It So With You?

When they are first married the husband is everything to the wife. House-keeping cares are small, or none at all; there is little society; the days are long and lonely; the wife counts the hours and even the minutes for her husband's return; and everything is ready for his coming, as though he were all the world contained, as indeed he is to her. But this cannot continue long. Children come and divide attention, care and love. Society interposes its claims. The church demands time and thought. There are calls to return, and meetings to attend, and dresses to make, and baby to care for; and the husband has to take the second place. Now, though it is never easy for an idol to step off from his pedestal, or put another one alongside himself, the husband who has a moderate share of common sense will not expect the wife and mother to give the same exclusive thought to him that the young bride gave. But it is no rare experience for the wife and mother to become so absorbed in other duties that her husband recedes steadily from the first place to the third, the fourth, and finally goes out of sight altogether. She no longer watches for his coming; she is surprised when he appears, and half disappointed, too, that he is home so soon, for this bit of household work is not yet taken, and she is really more anxious to finish the seam than to see her husband. The little things that make home happy are forgotten because of the supposed larger duties due to society or the church; and the wife by her self-absorption in a busy, bustling life outside does more to make her husband pagan than to make pagans Christians, because the one she touches very nearly and the other she influences only afar off. We call this life of self-absorption a subtle form of selfishness, because social ambition makes social care a delight and social duty a pleasure; and what the good woman imagines to be a self-denial is really an enjoyment, if not a passion. We have known women who were never weary of inveighing against society who would die of ennui if they were taken out of it.

But this form of selfishness is far oftener seen in the husband than in the wife. He gives himself up to his business, and gives only a fringe and fragment of thought to the woman whom he idolized for a month, or even, with rare fidelity of masculine affection, for a twelvemonth. When he comes home he leaves his mind in the counting-room and only brings his body to the supper table. He is generally abstracted, and often positively cross. His wife has received so many rebuffs from him that, if she is sensitive, she learns to study him furtively before she ventures to address him, even in the quiet of the evening fireside; and if she be not sensitive she answers back, and each sharp battle of words separates them farther and farther from each other. —The Hour.

How to Make Wool Dresses.

Cashmere of a single grave color—gray, sage green, brown, or pilot blue—are being made up for the earliest autumn weather with trimmings of velvet ribbon and of velvet cut from the piece. The round lower skirt may be tucked lengthwise in half-inch tucks to a fourth of a yard of the foot, then left flowing, and the lower half of the flowing part is bordered with velvet an eighth deep. The drapery is plaited to the belt in fourteen large plaits on the front and sides, and drawn away in curves to the side, where it meets short full back drapery; a large knot of velvet and cashmere is placed in front at the curve. The pointed basque has an officer's standing collar of velvet, and below this a square Marie Antoinette collar which extends to the tops of the darts, and inside this square collar is a shirred and plaited cashmere vest which extends to the waist line, and is strapped across there with velvet ribbon that is afterward tied in a bow with ends. To vary such a suit the skirt may be in large kilt plaits with five or six rows of half-inch velvet ribbon near the foot, and the basque may have a plaited vest with a reverse beside it extending around the neck, and covered with rows of velvet ribbon. The sleeves are all high on the shoulders, bouffantly set on, yet without gathers, and finished with very simple cuffs of velvet. Small bullet-shaped buttons of dark metal, or velvet, or crocheted silk, are used. Velvet ribbon is also set on in figures, with square-turned corners, and Greek keys, or in many rows around plain skirts with only narrow plaiting at the foot. Sometimes only the back of the skirt is plaited, while the front and sides are plain, and trimmed across the foot and up each side with folds of velvet, or else rows of velvet ribbon, or of braid. Vests and plastrons will be used again; the newest vests are pointed and are very broad at the waist and below it, but are nearly concealed at the top where the basque meets the throat, and is fastened by two or three buttons below the collar and over the vest. Very large toupes formed by ample and intricate drapery are on all the new costumes. There are also many contrasts of color seen, even new velvet dresses having a maroon (chestnut) skirt with a blue over-dress. The Astrakhan trimmings are seen on costumes as well as on jackets. Very simple polonaises for wool dresses have a front like a basque, and the back drapery of the skirt hooked upon the basque just below the waist line, giving the effect of a princess polonaise. Irregular bunches of lengthwise plaits are placed in lower skirts so that they will be displayed in the openings of the drapery. —Harper's Bazar.

The first mermaid of the season was seen recently at Fort Cottage, N. H. The story, complete and unabridged, is as follows: "In the surf, just in front of this house, during a southeast gale, as a few of the islanders were gathered near the beach to witness the effects of the storm, a mermaid made her appearance three times on the top of huge waves, showing to the crowd a head well crowned with long, heavy hair, streaming over the shoulder and bosom, a pleasant face, and long, muscular arms. Taking a long look on shore, this daughter of the sea waved her fair hand, and threw a kiss to the spectators on the strand, and departed again for her haunts in the depths of the ocean. —Chicago Herald.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A cherry tree that has borne two crops this year is owned by William Lansing, of Lansingburg. —Troy, (N. Y.) Times.

Six hundred sea-lions have been killed on the Fort Oxford reef, Oregon, this season, by sealing schooners.

General Ketchum is one of the officers to look after smugglers at New York. Suggestive name. —Indianapolis Journal.

Coyotes are so thick and tame at Mineral Park, Arizona, that they come into town and play with the dogs. —Chicago Times.

A Texas owl mistook a sleeping man's head for a chicken, and fastened his claws into his hair and scalp. Then the man woke up and wrung the owl's neck.

Representatives of every colony of the Cherokee Indians east of the Mississippi met recently in Swain county, North Carolina, and reported a population of 3,000. —Chicago Journal.

Dr. Gibb recommends the use of bromide of ammonia to those who suffer from obesity. When taken in small doses it will absorb fat and diminish the weight of the body with greater certainty than any other known remedy. —N. Y. Sun.

Professional mourners abound in New York. They are only happy at funerals, and there they cry as freely as the nearest relatives of the deceased. They are chiefly women, and undertakers who think a funeral is to be slimly attended send for them. —N. Y. Mail.

Seven years have elapsed since James Lick, the California millionaire, at his death left a vast amount of property for public uses, and not a dollar has reached the designated objects. The trustees, who receive \$1,000 a year each, have just been censured by the California pioneers. —San Francisco Chronicle.

Of the 127,140 persons in English lunatic asylums, only 154 belong to the group of "teachers, schoolmasters, schoolmistresses, governesses, lecturers, and Professors." This is a "lower proportion than in almost any other profession." It would be interesting to know how it is in the United States.

Surprise has often been expressed at the fact that no new species of animal seems to have appeared since the glacial age. Mr. Donald Macintosh, writing in the *Geological Magazine*, advances in explanation of this the new theory, which appears to be growing, that only a few thousand years had elapsed since the glacial beds were laid down.

The Postmaster-General at Washington has received a letter inclosing sixty dollars in gold from the Italian Director of Posts at Rome, with the explanation that the money was found loose in a mail-pouch containing ordinary letters, received from New York on May 19, and that the Italian postal officials had been unable to find to whom the gold belonged.

Dr. Axtelle of Waterbury, Conn., being applied to recently by a man who said his right arm pained him and was useless, found that the shoulder was dislocated and had evidently been so for a long time. The man said he did not know how he hurt himself. Several weeks ago he "went off on a little racket," and after that his arm was in the condition mentioned. The dislocation had gone unattended so long that it was impossible to set the bone. —Hartford Post.

The snuff-box presented to Admiral Baldwin, of the United States navy, by the Czar of Russia, is valued at \$15,000. Six solitaires, three on each side of the portrait, are said to be worth \$1,200 apiece. The portrait is surrounded by a ring of about forty diamonds. The box itself is an art gem, and has a capacity for fully half a pound of snuff, but as the Admiral does not use that article he may keep his plug tobacco in it. —Chicago Herald.

A sad scene recently happened in the jail at New Haven, Conn. A convict, Andrew Heely, aged 34, of Milford, Conn., dropped dead while being served with his food. He was apparently in the best of health when attacked by a fainting fit. He fell and struck his head against an obstacle, producing concussion of the brain. His wife and child, who had come to visit him, reached the jail an hour after he died, and when the sad news was imparted to them it made the stoutest heart beat with sympathy to hear their heartrending grief. —Boston Post.

One of the Kansas Postmasters is more than pleased with the new official order. He says: "When the wife of the first or second class Postmaster officially requests him to beat the carpet, or weed the onion bed, or whitewash the back fence, he can draw out and read Postmaster General Gresham's order forbidding first or second class Postmasters from absenting themselves from their offices. Then he can go out from the sheltering roof of his domicile absorbed in the beautiful thought that 'there is no cloud without a silver lining.' —Chicago News.

The Sandwich Islanders appear to be tolerably good judges of a woman's smile. A Hawaiian newspaper, in describing such an affair, said: "Her rich, red lips parted, and there flashed upon the landscape two rows of beautiful white teeth. Slowly her mouth opened wider and wider. Deeper grew the dimples in her bronze cheeks. Brighter danced the sunbeams in her eyes, until a stray ray, darting through the foliage of an over-hanging bough, illuminated the deep cavern of her mouth, bringing into view the back of her head. Then, seeing us gaze intently upon her, she shut her jaw and darkness fell upon the scene."

A gentleman called at the General Land Office at San Francisco recently to file certain papers, and had occasion to sign his name. Being asked to give his name in full he said his Christian name was "Usual." This was thought to be a joke by the Register, but the gentleman gave this explanation of how he happened to receive it: "His father was greatly desirous of having a daughter, but as child after child was born to him, he was disappointed. When the seventh child was born his father was compelled to exclaim: 'A boy as usual. I guess he will have to go through the world as Usual.' Such has proved to be the case. —San Francisco Chronicle.

THE NEWS.

BRUCE CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS. : : : KENTUCKY.

THE MODERN EDIFICE WHICH THE HON. JACK ERECTED.

This is the mansion that quaintly looks like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks, while the red painted roof in contrast is seen with the walls of decidedly bluish green, and the verandas, all darkly completed, which surround the new villa which Jack erected.

This is the massive and finely carved door, and the hall with its rich India rug on the floor, which you see as you enter the cottage that looks like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks, etc.

This is the brilliant electric light, which plainly reveals to our curious sight the carvings upon the massive door, and the hall with its rich India rug on the floor, which you see as you enter the cottage that looks like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks, etc.

This is the furniture, quaint and rare, with a monogram carved on each stately chair, which also reveals to our curious sight the carvings upon the massive door, and the hall with its rich India rug on the floor, which you see as you enter the cottage that looks like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks, etc.

This is the fire-place, famous for miles, for its exquisite frame of painted tiles, which lights up the furniture, quaint and rare, with a monogram carved on each stately chair, etc.

These are the polished brassy "dogs," which support the crackling beechwood logs, inclosed by the fire-place, famous for miles, for its exquisite frame of painted tiles, which lights up the furniture, quaint and rare, with a monogram carved on each stately chair, etc.

Which is seen in the brilliant electric light, which also reveals to our curious sight the carvings upon the massive door, and the hall with its rich India rug on the floor, which you see as you enter the cottage that looks like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks, etc.

This is the charming, youthful bride, who over this beautiful home will preside, who will gladly lead a luxurious life, as the rich old widower's second wife. Very unlike the maiden forlorn.

Who milked the cow with the crumpled horn, and worked on the farm from morn 'til night, while she sewed for the priest 10 candle light in the little house that Jack built.

—Portland (Me.) Transcript.

WANTED—A DAUGHTER.

"An actress, sir? Never!" said Mr. Philander Greentree, in a voice that made the windows rattle in their frames. And "Never" echoed his meek little wife, but in so faint a tone that it didn't disturb in the least the fly that was sitting on one of the pretty white puffs on her dear old head.

"And if you persist in being in love with the young woman, you must cease to be an inmate of my house," shouted Mr. Greentree. "And if you marry her, by heavens! I'll scratch you." "Yes, we'll be obliged to scratch you," added the old lady, as mildly as she had spoken before, looking at the same time as though it would be utterly impossible for her to scratch any one under any circumstances whatever. Not that they meant scratching in the common sense of the word: scratching the young man's name from his uncle's will was the punishment they threatened.

"And I'll never give you a penny," thundered Uncle Philander.

"Oh, William, think of that!—not even a penny," said Aunt Tamasin.

"And I'll adopt a girl—I will, by heavens!" the old man went on, growing more and more angry every minute. "No more ungrateful boys for me. And she'll marry to please us, and her children shall be our grandchildren."

"My dear boy, consider," entreated the old lady. "How dreadful, how very dreadful, for us to have strange grandchildren!"

"Uncle and aunt—I suppose I must call you father and mother no longer," said the young man, slowly and firmly. "I am truly sorry to vex you, but I have pledged my faith to Miss Fieldbrook, and I can not and will not break it. She is an actress, but as good and lovely a girl as ever trod the earth—sweeter and lovelier than any girl I have been my lot to meet. And if you would only allow me to bring her here—"

"Bring her here!" repeated his uncle, stamping about the room in his rage. Here, where your mother—I mean your aunt Tamasin—has lived in quiet, virgin—I mean quiet, holy—I mean quietness and peace, sir, for nearly half a century? How dare you even think of such a thing, sir? An actress capering around these apartments! Good heavens!"

"I wouldn't be exactly right, William, you know," said Aunt Tamasin. "I never was a caper, and at my time of life I don't think I could get used to one. I don't, indeed."

"Oh, you dear, funny old mother—uncle!" began Will, with a smile, but encountering his uncle's serious eyes and frowning brow, he grew serious again, and said: "Well, if you positively refuse to receive Eva, I suppose we must part. I am very, very thankful to you for all you have done for me since I was left a fatherless and motherless boy; but give up the woman I love for a thoroughly unreasonable prejudice of yours I can not and will not. And so good-bye. Uncle, you may shake hands with me!"

"No, I won't," replied Mr. Greentree brusquely.

"Aunt, will you let me kiss you?" "Of course I will, my dear boy," said Mrs. Greentree. "And if you change your mind, come back to us directly. We start for Greentree Cottage in a few days, you know, and I shall keep your room ready for you there all summer."

"No, don't, auntie dear, kissing her not once, but three or four times, for I shall not change my mind, and perhaps, being one of the prettiest rooms in the house, my room may be chosen by your adopted daughter. And I hope from the bottom of my heart that she may spend as many happy hours there as I have. Good-bye. Good-bye, father-uncle."

But Uncle Philander answered not by look nor word, and as the hall door closed after his nephew, he exclaimed again: "An actress! By heavens! the boy's gone mad, and I wash my hands of him forever!"

"Don't say forever," begged Aunt

Tamasin. "Forever's a long time—a very long time, Philander. And, oh dear! how I shall miss him! Such a good child as he has always been ever since he came to us fifteen years ago! Better in some things even than you, Philander; for you know you always say bad words when I lose my spectacles, which he never did, but looked for them time and again with the patience of an angel." And taking off said spectacles, she proceeded to lose them once more by laying them on the back of the sofa, whence they dropped to the floor behind it, where, with the dreadful "depravity of inanimate things," they remained snugly hidden, while she wept silently in her large lemon-verbena scented silk handkerchief.

A few days after Will Greentree bade them "good-bye" the old couple were installed for the summer season in their comfortable country house, Greentree Cottage. And to Greentree Cottage came, before they had been there a week, this note from one of their oldest and most intimate friends:

"NEW YORK, June 20, 1882. "MY DEAR TAMASIN AND PHILANDER.—You told me, you will remember, just as you were leaving the city, that you would like to receive into your home this summer some young girl—the more friendly the better for your purpose—with a view, should she prove lovable and entertaining, to adopting her. Strange as it may appear, you had not been gone more than two hours when I met a young girl who I think will suit you to a charm. She is pretty, of cheerful disposition, tolerably well educated, and naturally very clever; is an orphan and her grandmother and only relative, with whom she lived, having died three weeks ago homeless. I have spoken to her about your wish, and she is perfectly willing—nay, anxious—to come to you. And I am sure her companionship will be a joy to you, and help you to forget the disquietude of your self-willed nephew. Anyhow, receive her as a summer guest for my sake, for I loved and lost her mother; that is, she married the other chap."

"Faithfully yours, JAMES TOWNSLY." Mr. Greentree's face brightened as he read this note. "There, my dear," he said, handing it to his wife. "Townly—he always was the best and most reliable old chum a fellow ever had—has already found our daughter. For this girl will certainly please us, being heartily approved of by him. Pretty, clever, and cheerful."

"Yes, so he says," said his wife; "but he needn't have called poor William bad names, for all that. And I won't give her the boy's room. There's so many trunks and boots and baseballs and fishing things in it, that couldn't be of the slightest use to her, and would only be in her way."

"Do as you like about that, my dear," rejoined Mr. Greentree, who, to tell the truth, was secretly pining for the discarded one, and anxious to have some young life in the cottage; "but see that the room she is to have is got ready immediately, for I shall telegraph to Townly to send her at once."

And he did. And the result of the telegram was that the very next morning Miss Zerelda Ardeman made her best courtesy to the old lady and gentleman who wanted a daughter.

And never were any elderly people so quickly and entirely bewitched by any girl maiden as were Philander and Tamasin Greentree by this same violet-eyed, golden-haired, sweet-voiced, petite Zerelda Ardeman.

And as day followed day, and week followed week, she became more and more dear to them. She went through the house from morn till eve, warbling like a bird, and when evening came she sat at the old-fashioned piano and sang the quaint old English ballads that Tamasin used to sing in her youth, while Philander, brave in his swallow-tailed, brass-buttoned blue coat, turned the pages of the music with gentle hand. She tripped lightly over field and meadow every day, and culled the loveliest of wild flowers, which with a grace that was all her own she arranged in vases and shells, and whatever she could find to hold them, until each room looked like a fairy bower.

And many a beautiful poem she repeated with rare skill in the gloaming, bringing the happy tears to the eyes of her delighted listeners. "Ah! if Will had only made her his choice!" the old lady would say to her husband at least a dozen times a day.

"By heavens! if he had," that impulsive individual would reply, "he wouldn't have waited long for my blessing."

The summer passed pleasantly, very pleasantly, away, and the advent of autumn found Mr. and Mrs. Greentree more in love than ever, if that were possible, with their charming guest.

"And do you think you could love us enough to call us father and mother, and to promise that when you give your whole heart to some one else you will not forsake us?" asked Mrs. Greentree of Zerelda one sunny September day.

"I know I could—I know I do," answered the girl emphatically. "But I have a confession to make to you that I fear will turn you from me."

"My dear, it must be something very terrible to do that. But make it at once, and have it over. Philander! Philander! Zerelda has something to tell us which she fears will make us love her less. Please come and hear it."

Philander dropped the newspaper he was reading on the porch, and stepped into the dining-room through the opened window. Zerelda stood in the center of the room with drooping head, but as soon as he had entered she tossed back the little ringlets that tried to shade the brightness of her eyes, placed her two little hands in the lace-trimmed pockets of her dainty apron, danced lightly across to where the old couple were now seated side by side, and said, in a voice fraught with innocent cheeriness: "After all, what I have to tell isn't so very bad. I have amused you both since I came here, haven't I? And I can go away at once if you wish me to go." And then, dropping gracefully on one knee, and folding her hands in pretty entreaty, she said: "Please, sir, and please, ma'am, I am an actress, and my stage name is Eva Fieldbrook. But all that your friend Mr. Townly told you about me is true."

"An actress!" exclaimed Mr. Philander Greentree.

"Eva Fieldbrook!" said his wife. "Then you are the girl that Will—"

"That Will—the same," replied Zerelda, demurely, still kneeling. "Please forgive me for being that girl."

But Mr. Greentree, without another word, bounced from his chair and tore out of the room. Zerelda sprang to her feet. "I'd better begin packing at once," she said, with a serious face.

"I'm sorry to have vexed him so much. But indeed, it wasn't my scheme at all. Mr. Townly and Will made it up between them. They thought that if you knew me you would—"

"And we do," interrupted the old lady, laying her hand lightly on her arm to detain her. "Don't you do anything in haste, my dear. You don't understand Mr. Greentree as well as I do. Sometimes when he seems most angry he is most pleased. I'm sure he doesn't want you to go away."

"Of course he don't. Who said he did?" asked the old gentleman, entering the room hastily again. "I've just sent a telegram to Will telling him important business calls him here. There's another name for you, my dear—Important Business. Not as pretty as either of the others, but we'll find a fourth before we get through that will suit you best of all—Zerelda Greentree. How do you like it?"

"And I shan't have grandchildren the least bit strange after all," said Aunt Tamasin, a bright smile lighting up her dear good old face. —Margaret Eytling in Harper's Weekly.

Things are Not What They Seem.

Now in these latter days a man unshaven and unshorn, whose raiment was rent and torn, drove with his chariot into the chief city of Hunterdon County, N. J., which is called Flemington. And he drove a horse whose years seemed many and whose ribs did stick out and seemed to burst through his skin. And the chariot was old and rickety and rolled with much noise and rattle. And the harness was tied up with many strings and it seemed ever as if about to fall asunder.

And this man driving up to the caravansary in Flemington drew forth one of the reins from the rustic rings of the collar, and with this he did secure his raw-boned, spavined old plug to the hitching post. And those who stood by laughed and mocked and cried, "Doth he so fasten his animal that he shall hold him up that he fall not on the ground?"

Then the multitude came together, even the multitude of Flemington, and said one in scorn, "For what wilt thou sell that animal?" And the man said he would take eighty pieces of silver, but not in trade shekels. And they offered him \$40.

And the man with the torn raiment waxed wroth and cried: "Verily this horse which I have cherished from a colt can whoop it over the ground a mile in three minutes!"

And they all laughed him to scorn. Then said John Ramsey, a leader of the people and a man of authority at primaries and elections, "I will wager thee money that thy horse cannot go one mile in ten minutes."

And Jacob Vite, another man, a politician of the county, cried: "Verily I will wage thee twenty broad pieces of silver that he can travel no mile in three minutes, and thou shalt repair unto the hippodrome without the gates and speed thy old plug!"

And Elisha, the son of Opdyke, and Vite and Ramsey and a strange man did all chip in, and they made up a purse of 100 silver pieces.

But they were astonished when he who drove the old plug did quickly cover their money. And he drew forth from his chariot a light set of harness. Then he said: "Lo, this my chariot is too heavy to speed upon the hippodrome. Lend me, some of you, a light buggy, or a trotting sulky, that I may have a fair show." And some among them brought him the lighter chariot.

And he put before it the old plug and fastened him thereunto and started for the hippodrome, and all the multitude of Flemington followed him.

And when he had said to the "plug": "Go! verily the plug did go with exceeding swiftness, even so that those who beheld were made dizzy by the sight and the eyes of those who had bet to stand forth from their sockets, and they drew long breaths and groaned.

For the old plug did his mile in 2:52. And the man with the ragged raiment raked in all their shekels and did then shake the dust from his feet and depart to play it low on the cities and towns roundabout. And with him disappeared also the stranger who had chipped in and with a loud voice "egged on" the betting.

And there is now a wailing and gnashing of teeth in Flemington, for they who wagered their shekels felt that they have been badly played. —N. Y. Graphic.

Narrow Escape From a Shark.

A colored boy from Mexico, fifteen years of age, employed on board of the steamship City of Puebla, now in this port, had a wonderful escape from a large shark at Vera Cruz. The boy could not speak English, but Commodore Deakin, commander of the steamship, who had been an eye-witness, told the story yesterday. He said: "We were lying outside of the harbor at Vera Cruz loading, as we were afraid of getting the yellow fever if we went into the harbor, and this boy Pedro, was cleaning out a boat which was lying alongside the vessel. He was leaning over washing off one of the seats when a shark's jaws appeared above the surface and made a snap for the darky. But Pedro was warned just in time, and went overboard on the opposite side of the boat at the same moment as the shark landed in the boat. The shark floundered around in the boat until he got his head over the gunwale, and then went overboard before we could get a chance to harpoon him. The little darky, almost white with fright, lost no time after the shark went over, but scrambled into the boat and came on deck. We couldn't get that boy to wash that boat out after that." Chief Engineer Bloxam, the chief steward, and other officers of the vessel, gave a similar account of this wonderful escape. —N. Y. Tribune.

A Philadelphia philanthropist, determined to emulate Vanderbilt's example, gave \$500 to a waiter at a summer resort hotel, and the waiter merely said: "Thank you," and made a little extra haste to execute the philanthropist's dinner order. It turned out that the young man was not a poor college student, but a professional waiter, to whom a \$500 fee was no curiosity. An editorial excursion had passed through there only a few days before. —Philadelphia News.

Army Punishments.

In different sections of the army, various expedients were resorted to for the purpose of correcting minor offenses. What particular shape the punishment should assume depended very much upon the inventive faculty of the Field and Staff, or of such officers of the line as might have charge of the case.

Before taking the field, a few citizen sneak-thieves were discovered prowling about among the tents. These were promptly drummed out of camp to the tune of the "Rogues' March," the whole regiment shouting in derision as the miserable fellows took to their heels when the procession reached the limits of the camp, where they were told to be gone, and never show their faces in camp again on pain of a more severe handling.

If, while we were lying in camp, a man refused to do his duty, he was at once taken to the guard-house, which is the military name for "lock-up." Once there, at the discretion of the officers, he was either simply confined and put on bread and water, or else ordered to carry a log or a knapsack filled with stones, "two hours on and two off," day and night, until such time as he was deemed to have done sufficient penance. In more extreme cases a court-martial was held, and the penalty of forfeiture of all pay due, with hard labor for thirty days, or the like, was inflicted.

One day down in front of Petersburg, a number of us had been making a friendly call on some acquaintances over in another regiment. As we were returning home, we came across what we took to be a well, and, wishing a drink, we all stopped. The well in question, as was usual there, was nothing but a barrel sunk in the ground; for at some places the ground was so full of springs that in order to get water, all you had to do was to sink a box or barrel, and the water would soon collect of its own accord. Stopping down and looking into the barrel in question, Andy discovered a man standing in the well, engaged in bailing out the water.

"What's he doing down there in that hole?" asked some one of our company.

"Why," said the guard, who was standing near by, and whom we had taken for the customary guard of the spring, "you see, comrades, our Colonel has his own way of punishin' the boys. One thing he won't let 'em do—he won't let 'em get intoxicated. If they do, they go into the gopher hole. Jim, there, is in the gopher hole now. That hole has a spring at the bottom, and the water comes in pretty fast; and if Jim wants to keep dry, he's got to keep dippin' all the time, or else stand in water up to his waist—and Jim isn't so mighty fond o' water, either." —Harry Kieffer, in St. Nicholas.

Character of the Frontier Desperado.

Let me assure you my younger readers that there is nothing heroic in the "Billy the Kid" type on the frontier. The desperado is too lazy to work for a living. He is a thief and a cut-throat whenever he can cut a throat without fear. There are some brave men among them, to be sure, but their bravery arises from a consciousness of their matchless command of their weapons. They know perfectly well that they can shoot an ordinary man dead before his hand reaches his pistol. Often they have the triggers of their Colts 45 filed off, and fire by snapping the hammer with the thumb, whirling the pistols in their hands and shooting as the weapon comes to a level. And they are dead shots, as they need to be. Yet the "bad men" who haunt the groceries with their weapons ostentatiously displayed, who are given to shooting right and left when drunk, and, indeed, to discharging their "guns" at all times—these fellows will rarely take the chances in a fair, stand-up fight. They wait until they can "get the drop" on a man, or shoot him from behind on a dark night. Don't look for any signs of chivalry among them. They are the meanest of all mean brutes. It is well that the changes wrought in the West by the completion of the various railroads announce that their race is nearly run. But this is an unpleasant subject. I have known so much of this sort of thing, however, that I could not forbear a word to offset the curious belief among some young people in the East that the Western "bad man" is a more noble figure than the Boston burglar or vice beater. He isn't. —Cor. Boston Herald.

A Rival of Quinine.

German medical journals discuss a new medical agent lately discovered by Prof. Fisher, of Munich. In the course of a long series of investigations concerning the nature and action of quinine, he found that by means of a series of chemical transformations a substance can be obtained, in the form of a white crystalline powder, from coal tar, which greatly resembles quinine in its action on the human organism. Fisher has given it the name of "kairin." The chief effect produced by it, as yet observed, is the rapid diminution of fever heat, and its efficiency in this respect is described as remarkable. It is believed that it will render the use of ice in fever cases unnecessary, and that its skillful employment will enable the physician to moderate the temperature of the patient. Kairin is also reported to have less inconvenience for the stomach than quinine. But observation does not show—as yet, at least—that it possesses that tonic and restorative influence for which quinine is so frequently administered. Perhaps, from a chemical and physiological point of view, the most valuable thing about the new discovery is that it seems to bring us nearer to finding out the chemical nature of quinine itself and the true character of its agency. The discovery has been patented, and the direction of Prof. Laubenheimer, of Giessen. But, as it is said that the cost of producing a kilogram (about 35 ounces) of the new agent is £15, it will be some time before its patrons can hope to see it take the place of quinine in practical pharmacy. —Chicago Times.

Improving a Style.

"I like to get some law-suits on a gang of young fellows," he replied, as the Chief of Police asked him what was wanted.

"What do you mean?" "Well, I vhas shwindled and made some fools of. When I tink it all oafar I am so madt dot I clean out my own saloon mit a glub."

"Do you want to enter a complaint?" "Vhell, I should remarks! I like to enter oufer forty complaints if I haf a shance."

"Make your statement." "Vhell, I keep a saloon on — street. You may have seen dot some Aldermans come to my place und vhas treated shust like Princes?"

"Go on." "It vhas Saturday eafenings; I vhas all alone. By and by some loafer comes in, but he vhasnt noddings. Pooty queek I haf six or seven shust like him. Nopody vhasnt no beer nor pool nor dominoes, und I vhas madt!"

"I am following you."

"Vhell, by and by I asks if dot crowd expects me to pay rent mit such customers, und one loafer he says: 'Vhell, vhy doan' you sell beer by der new game?' So he tells me dot der new game vhas for all der gang to take a drink, und den I vhas to call in der dog from der back yard. Whichever loafer dot dog shmells of first must pay for all."

"Quite funny."

"It vhas, eh? I doan' see it. Sometimes I vhas tickled, but not now. All der loafers said it vhas shust like dey does in New York und Boston, und I goes after der dog."

"And he didn't smell of any of them?" "No! But vhy! Because, vhy I vhas gone after him all dose loafers shlip avhay like grease! If dot vhas der New York und Boston vay I vhas a fool!"

"You can't do anything," said the Chief.

"Can't I get some law-suits?"

"No."

"Can't I haf some loafers sent mit der work house?"

"No."

"Must I put up mit such shwindles like dot?"

"You must look out for them." "Now I vhas madt like a wet hen!" exclaimed the caller, as he rose up. "I tell you sometings, und doan' you forgett all about it! I keep my dog behind der bar! By to-morrow some loafer come in und vhasnt to know if I sell beer by der New York und Boston vhay. I let dot dog loose mit a shmile all oafar me, und when he shlops smelling of dot loafer you may send some boleeceans to pick up der pieces! If a dog in der back yard vhas New York und Boston style, I improve on it mit some Detroit style of a dog behind der bar!" —Detroit Free Press.

The Lord Chief Justice.

The visit of the Lord Chief Justice of England to the United States, accompanied, as is probable, by some of his more distinguished professional brethren, promises to be an event of unusual interest in legal annals. This will not be the first occasion on which a Judge of his distinction has left England to take part in the proceedings of a congress of lawyers of a foreign State; but Lord Coleridge will be the first Lord Chief Justice who has ever braved the terrors of the Atlantic passage.

Like many another great office and hereditary distinction in England, that of Lord Chief Justice may be traced back to William the Conqueror, by whom it was imported from his native Normandy. A Chief Justice (whence the present title) superintended the administration of justice over the whole Norman Earldom; and, according to the manners of the age, both military and civic powers of great magnitude were conferred upon him. William's plan, after he had assumed the sovereign power, was to have a grand central tribunal in England for the whole realm, but in which all causes of importance should originate and be finally decided. This tribunal was afterward called Curia Regis, and some times Aula Regis, because it assembled in the hall of the King's palace. The great officers of State—that is to say, the Constable, the Marshal, the Seneschal, the Chamberlain, and the Treasurer—were the Judges, and over them presided the Chief Justiciar. When the King was beyond seas he governed his Kingdom like a Viceroy. In rank he had precedence over all the nobility, and his power was greater than that of all other magistrates. For two centuries the Aula Regis was preserved. Edward I, sometimes called the English Justinian, abolished it, and not only systematized and reformed the public principles of English jurisprudence, but finally framed the courts for the administration of justice as they subsisted in England for more than six centuries—till, in fact, the formation of a modern Supreme Court of Judicature within the last five years. Edward constituted the "Court of our Lord the King before the King himself," or "Court of King's Bench." Here the King was supposed personally to preside, assisted by the First Common-Law Judge, who took the title and dignity of Lord Chief Justice. And so it happened that when Queen Victoria opened in December, 1882, the present royal courts of justice in London, she revived that ancient tradition in her own person. When all had been done as appointed, the courts opened, and the greater ceremony of the day completed, the Attorney-General, advancing from the ranks of the Queen's counsel below the dais, came to the steps of the Queen's chair and said: "May I please your Majesty, on behalf of the bar of England, I come to pray that your Majesty will be pleased to direct that the proceedings of this day shall be entered on the records of the Supreme Court." The Lord Chancellor, on behalf of the Queen, to this request made answer: "Her Majesty has been pleased to direct that this shall be done as prayed." And after this fashion Queen Victoria revived the common practice of her ancestors of the House of Plantagenet of the thirteenth century. She presided in her own court, in the midst of the Judges, with the chief representatives of the bar before her, though counsel learned in the law were hardly in vogue, it need scarcely be said, in the earlier days of the "Court of our Lord the King" holden before himself. —London Cor. Boston Herald.

Fall Treatment of Meadow.

Now that the hay is off from the meadows, the propriety of pasturing the aftermath may be discussed. There are conflicting opinions upon this question. Some farmers prefer and advise to pasture the aftermath closely, leaving no dead growth in the bottom to smother the young herbage in the spring and to clog the mower when cutting the next year's hay. Some persons who are not farmers and cannot take a practical view of this matter, and some who are, think it better to leave the aftermath as a protection to the sod against the winter's frosts and thaws. There are some things to be said on both sides, but the right course depends upon circumstances, which vary considerably. For our own part, we prefer to get all we can from the soil, believing that the earth is generous and sufficiently fruitful to give us freely all we can take. Moreover, having had experience with grass lands which have had a thick aftermath left upon them, and realized the difficulty of cutting the hay the next season, we would even take extra pains to have the aftermath as closely eaten or mowed off as possible late in the season. We have found, too, that the dense dead grass provides harbors for mice, which burrow in the sod and make havoc with the grass roots. It also protects the sod from frosts and thus permits the white grubs and other insect larvae to feed upon the roots, so much as to frequently cut off acres of sod loose from the soil and leave it free as a carpet upon it. These injuries are so severe and so frequent upon meadows covered with dead aftermath that we should view with great apprehension the probable condition of the sod in the spring. But we have said that it depends upon circumstances whether the aftermath should be eaten or mown or not. Certainly, it depends upon the character of the soil. If the grass is a new seeding and the roots have not taken a firm hold upon the soil, the aftermath had better be left as a protection to them. If the soil is one that readily heaves the sod by tearing the roots, the same course should be taken. If the meadow is thrifty and the sod firmly established, we would take off all the grass up to the latest period of the fall, but we would repay our draft upon it by giving back to it early in winter a liberal top-dressing of manure, or just now a dressing of plaster or fine manure, which would strengthen the roots and thicken the sod and make this an equivalent protection by its denseness, as the aftermath could be by its length. One other point should be noticed, which is that if the grass is pastured it is indispensable that the droppings either of horses or cows should be broken up and evenly spread before the winter to avoid their wasteful and unsightly effects upon the field the following year. When sheep are pastured this is not necessary, and where there is a choice of stock to be used sheep will be found by far the best for the purpose. In fact, a farmer might do well to give away the aftermath of a meadow to any neighbor who would pasture it closely with a flock of sheep, for the sake of the even clearing of it off and the return of fine manure the flock would make to the soil. —N. Y. Times.

Cruelty to Horses.

I have seen men working horses whose shoulders were greatly swollen and as raw as a piece of fresh beef. This is not only cruel, but altogether inexcusable, for it can be prevented. It most often occurs in the spring when the horses are put to hard work and the comparative rest of winter has made their shoulders tender. The first point to be gained is a good collar. In purchasing one select one of the same degree of hardness on both sides. If it galls the shoulder mark the spot that does the mischief. Then remove the collar and cut a narrow slit lengthwise where the hames fit, and opposite your mark. Through this slit pull out some of the stuffing and pound the face of the collar opposite to this. Another good way to protect a galled spot is to place a pad above and below it. The best pad is made by stuffing an old coat or shirt sleeve with timothy hay. Arrange it so that you can wrap the pad around the collar, and do not have much hay where the hames come across it. The hames will hold the pad to its place. Such a pad is soft and elastic; when the draft is slackened it will spring the collar forward and rest and cool the affected parts. The best way to prevent galled shoulders is to wash them each evening when you first commence to work the horses in the spring. After the harness is removed wash the shoulders clean with cold water and then bathe them for some time with strong brine. I have not had a single sore shoulder since I adopted the plan of bathing the shoulders with salt-brine. It cools them off, allays inflammation and toughens them. I keep an old can and a rag tied on the end of a stick in the stable. It is but a moment's work to stir up some brine in the can and put it on the shoulders with the rag and stick. It is not only a good preventive for sore shoulders, but the best remedy for them that I know of. If the flesh is exposed it is rather severe treatment to apply it, but far more merciful than to allow the shoulders to remain sore. If the collar is padded so as to prevent it pressing upon the raw parts they can be healed up in a few days, though the animal is kept at work. —Farm Journal.

A Very Handsome Young Lady.

A very handsome young lady, whose name is A. W. Rich, from California, and on her wedding tour, created quite a sensation in Saratoga. She was stopping at the Grand Union, and was to be seen walking up and down the piazza of the hotel for hours at a time in company with a beautiful little black-and-tan dog. She seemed to be wonderfully fond of this pet. The little creature was made a wedding present and cost \$400. The lady ordered for the dog earrings and a gold collar of special pattern. The earrings, worth \$2,000 and the collar, which is studded with emeralds and pearls, is worth \$3,000. —N. Y. Sun.

Progress, of Philadelphia, is indeed.

a progressive journal. It holds that women may smoke and still remain excellent women. The smoking woman may now take courage when she has such an excellent paper to back her.

A Negro at Augusta, Ga., catches fish by diving.

—Detroit Free Press.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

PUBLISHED TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS.
BRUCE CHAMP, EDITOR.
BOURBON NEWS PUBLISHING CO.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One year in advance, - - - \$2.00
Six months in advance, - - - 1.00
[Entered at the Post-office at Paris,
Ky., as second class mail matter.]

FOR PRESIDENT,
That uncrowned King of every Democratic
heart.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

Mr. Tilden's companion in Victory and in
Humiliation,
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

ANNOUNCEMENT.
Richard Reid, of Mt. Sterling, is a candidate
for Judge of the Court of Appeals, to suc-
ceed Judge Hargis—subject to the action of
the Democracy of the First Appellate Dis-
trict.

Dorsey is just a little poetic when he
says that "Arthur was warmed into life
by the pinfeathers of Conkling, the Re-
publican eagle."

It is announced from Lexington that
Judge Beckner, of Winchester, one of the
ablest friends of education in the State,
will be a candidate for Congress.

Now they have gone into the whole-
caring business. If old Jonah was alive
now he'd have a small chance of getting
even by worrying down a few cans.

JAMES B. MCCREARY is spoken of as a
probably candidate for Congress to suc-
ceed Phil. Thompson. We hope he'll
run and succeed him, for the country has
had enough of him.

MITCHELL will fight the "Prussian" for
\$1,000 a side. Sullivan refuses to meet
"Prussian" until after his sparring tour is
completed. He will then fight him pri-
vately for \$1,000 a side.

CHICAGO pork-packers will petition
Congress for a law covering the inspec-
tion of pork which will be satisfactory to
France. They are acting under the ad-
vice of Minister Morton.

The New Jersey Democracy assembled
in State Convention Friday, denounced
the Pendleton Civil Service Reform bill
in harsh terms. The bill generally is
considered a farce, except by those who
are now profiting by it.

The Cynthiana News says that in the
event of the election of Judge Reid of the
Superior Court, to the Court of Appeals,
Hon. J. Quincy Ward will be urged by
his friends to become a candidate for the
vacancy in the Superior Court.

As Gov. Blackburn started up the aisle
of the Brooklyn Tabernacle to sit with
Talmage in the pulpit the congregation
arose and commenced singing, "while the
lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner
may return."—(Lex. Transcript.)

A RECENTLY elected Representative
from one of the counties near the Cum-
berland Gap, this State, in reply to some
of his constituency as to what his qualifi-
cations were for a legislator, said that he
had none other than that he had killed a
bear with his fist.

When one Democrat meets another
Democrat down in Cincinnati, both have
a cunning way of dropping the hand on
the pistol pocket. While one walks the
curb the other climbs over the barrels
and boxes next to the fence. It is real
jolly.—[Chicago Inter Ocean (Rep.)]

The Democratic papers of Cincinnati
have about welled the life out of the
Democratic victory for the State ticket
in Ohio next month. All on account of
Mrs. Pendleton snubbing Mrs. McLean
at Washington a few years ago. A woman
can cut a big figure in politics, after
all.

NEW ENGLAND has suffered from drouth
and frost more seriously than any other
section of the country. The tobacco crop
in Connecticut is about ruined, corn in
Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hamp-
shire, &c., will not average more than a
third of a crop. It is thought that, how-
ever, that the good crop of Democratic
boy babies are uninjured.

The Southern Bivouac, of Louisville
published by the Southern Historical So-
ciety, the most valuable magazine pub-
lished by the ex-Southern soldiers, will
contain a full account of the Reunion of
the First Kentucky Brigade at Lexington,
and also a complete roster of the com-
mand present. Price, 15 cents single
number, or \$1.50 per year.

SINCE the reign of the bowie-knife came
to an end, Texas has advanced rapidly
along the highway of progress. Within
the last two years the assessed value of
property has increased more than \$100,-
000,000. The railroad mileage is now
more than 6,000. The value of State pro-
ducts exported was \$25,000,000 greater
for the year ending August 31, 1883, than
during 1882.

GRANT thinks the Democracy has a
fine chance for the next President, and
wants to see Randall nominated and
elected if the Democracy must elect a
man. His real choice above any man is
Conkling. He also thinks that if Tilden
should be elected, he would live the full
term out, even if he died the day after
his inauguration. He also prefers any man
for President than Bayard.

MILLERSBURG.

Charlie Turner sold 75 ewes at \$8 per
head Tuesday.

Miss Ella Collier, of Cynthiana, is the
guest of Mrs. Jas. Collier.

Lud C. Demaree left Monday last to
teach a school at Mt. Olivet.

Mr. Hurt, of this place, will teach school
on Cassidy Creek, Nicholas county.

R. M. McClelland, of Georgetown, is
over here selling patent wire bed springs.

Precinct No. 2 will give \$50 for a list
containing the names of the directory
floods.

Parties are securing some fine walnut
trees here—among others, twenty-five
from D. McKee.

Dr. Hurst, Bruce Smith, Mrs. Dr.
Smith and several other Burgers attend-
ed the "Expo." this week.

John T. Talbot, of the Colville neigh-
borhood, is sinking an artesian well 4 1/2
in the bottom of his cistern.

At Maysville Wednesday, the premium
offered for the fastest mare or gelding,
was won by S. C. Carpenter, of this place.

Sombody said that it was a funny sight
to see the race between Frank Mitchell
and Sheriff Armstrong, the other
day. Frank caught him, though.

Not only stock but drinking water is
failing in the country, and the farm-
ers are compelled to open long disused
springs and get a supply as best they can.

We have a Merry-Go-Round in our
park, which was liberally patronized by
the little ones and loafing portion of our
community yesterday until late in the
evening.

Most of the tobacco in the neighbor-
hood is cut and housed and is excellent
in quality. It is injured very little from
the frost, and engagements to deliver at
good prices are being made by many of
the farmers to the enterprising dealers
already in the field.

The following superscription upon a
letter at our office this week:

On wings of lightning, steam or wind,
Go, letter, haste thee to my friend.
The name I'll tell without fail,
'Tis this: Miss L. ————
If to Hillsboro you stop, you're lucky;
In Fleming county, old Kentucky.

In the Rogers deposition case one of
parties reached for his tobacco so often
that his Honor before whom the "deps"
were taken was so scared during the
morning session he could not spell a
word correctly, and in the afternoon he
could not write. Next week, one is to
leave his shillala in Ireland, the other his
tobacco at home, and depend upon the
crowd of loafers for a supply of the weed.

Joe McClelland took five premiums
from the six rings shown in at the Fair
month fair on horse stock, but met with
a serious loss after all. Saturday evening
after loading his horses in a freight car,
someone left the car door open and his
fine bald-face horse fell backwards out of
the car and so severely snagged itself on
the spindle of a skevelly wagon that it
died that night after reaching Paris. He
had refused \$400 for the horse at the
Sharpsburg fair.

"B'ER WOLFE."

The cowardly Ford boys who murder-
ed that bad man Jesse James, are adver-
tising in the Louisville papers with the
following headlines: "The Ford Brothers,
the removers of Jesse James," &c. &c. &c.
Things have come to a pretty pass in this
country, when such dastardly scoundrels
as the Ford boys are to be encouraged by
respectable people in patronizing their
low-flung exhibitions. The Ford boys
deserve the same fate by which they hur-
ried off Jesse James, and their bodies
should be burned in the bargain.

NEW YORK is trying to have the ring-
ing of church bells suppressed. The
noise it is said disturbs the sick, and
awakes the sleepers. Indeed, this bell-
ringing is a National nuisance, and
should be stopped everywhere. Theaters
have no bells, yet look how promptly
every seat is taken before the curtains
rise. Theater-goers have their amuse-
ment at heart—church-goers ought to
have their devotions at heart just as
much as theater-goers. Thousands of
nervous invalids are thrilled with horrors
untold, and the poor dogs are made to
howl by this heathenish bangity-claug,
whangity-bang noise which was adopted
three thousand years ago by the heath-
ens, from the simple fact that not one in
a hundred thousand owned a time-piece.
Let's depart from the heathenish custom!
If God is worth remembering and wor-
shipping at all, let's do it right—do it from
a sense of duty and preference, and not
subject ourselves to be tolled like dumb
brutes by the unearthly clankity bang of
a lot of cracked bells, simply because the
heathens did.

"Women's Health Journal"

Contains valuable information on the dis-
eases of women only. Published by LADY
PRACTICES who have made these peculiar
weaknesses of the sex their sole study for
years. It gives the causes, symptoms, and
a thorough treatment for Prolapsus Uteri or
Falling of the Womb, Inflammation and Ul-
ceration of the womb and all displacements,
Leucorrhoea or Whites, Irregular, suppres-
sed or painful Menstruation, Flooding, Sick
and Nervous Headache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia,
Heartburn, Weakness in Back and stomach,
Sciatica, Pains in Side, Dizziness, Kidney
Complaint, Barrenness, Nervous Prostration,
Depression of Spirits, General Debility of
Women and change of life. Sent on receipt
of six cents in stamps. Address, Dr. Rush's
Medical Association, Nunda, New York.

PROFESSIONAL.

HAVING severed my connection with
Prof. Sanders' school, I will hereafter
give my undivided attention to my private
pupils. To those desiring my professional
services, I pledge my utmost exertions for
the advancement of those entrusted to my
care.
A. M. GUTZET.

TIMOTHY SEED!

Home-raised Timothy, free of all foreign
seed, at
O. A. GILMAN'S.

FOR SALE!

I desire to sell a half interest or the whole
of my stock of groceries, tinware, stoves,
hardware, queensware and tin-shop, sit-
uated in Millersburg, Ky. This tin and stove
business has no opposition in the town, and
I have a fine paying custom in the grocery
department. Call on or address at Millers-
burg immediately.
LONG & CO.
1-sep21

125 Registered Jerseys

PUBLIC SALE!
On WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, Oct. 10 & 11,
we will sell at Messrs. Treacy & Wilson's stable,
Lexington, Ky., commencing at 1
o'clock promptly on Wednesday,
and 10 o'clock on Thursday.

125 Registered Jersey Cattle

120 females and 5 bulls, from such noted fam-
ilies as the Coomassies, Signals, St. Heliers,
Pierrots, Rajahs, Alpheas, Rexes, Duke 76, etc.
Of bulls, we will sell the inbred Signal bull
Jossup 849, three grandly bred young Coom-
massie bulls, and a son of the great \$10,000
bull Pedro. The cows and heifers are a very
choice lot, among them, eight well-bred Sig-
nals, several imported heifers, a daughter of
Duke 76, a daughter of Imp. Count St. George,
a daughter of Le Duc's Prize, two grand-
daughters of Polonus, several grand-daugh-
ters of the great Coomassie bull Cutano, a
daughter of Almah of Oakland, record 15
pounds of milk in seven days, a daughter
of Pearl Armstrong, record 21 pounds and one
ounce, a grand-daughter of St. Helier, etc.,
etc.

Every animal pledged to positive sale
without reserve or protection.

TERMS CASH, or satisfactory note with
interest.

For catalogue address R. McMichael, Lex-
ington, Ky., who contributed 15 head, or to
ALEX. McCLINTOCK & SONS,
Millersburg, Ky.

COL. R. E. EDMONSON, Auctioneers.

PUBLIC SALE!

ON SATURDAY, SEPT. 29TH,

at 2 o'clock p. m. I will sell at public auc-
tion, a comfortable residence with fair
improvements, the property of the late Thos.
Jones, situated on High Street, Paris, Ky.,
where Robt. Layton now lives. Sale posi-
tive, and terms easy. Terms given on day
of sale.

S. P. CLAY, Esq.,
Thos. Jones' Estate, td

A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer.

PUBLIC RENTING!

ON SATURDAY, SEPT. 29th,

at 2 o'clock p. m. I will rent to the highest
and best bidder, the residence of the late
Thos. Jones, on Main street, Paris, the
property where his widow now resides. The
residence is comfortable, with a good gar-
den and stable on a large lot. Sale posi-
tive, and terms easy. Terms given on day
of sale.

At the same time, Mrs. Lucy Jones will
sell all of her household and kitchen fur-
niture, rockaway and harness, &c., &c.
A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer.

HEART DISEASE

CURED BY

Dr. Rush's Regulator,

FOR HEART TROUBLES.

Wm. G. Osgoodby, the well-known safe
manufacturer of Buffalo, Philadelphia, Pitts-
burg, Newark and Atlanta, Ga., says:

Office of Osgoodby's Improved Safes,
17 S. Broad street,
ATLANTA, GA., October 17th, 1881.

Dr. Rush's Medical Association:
Dear Doctors:—The three bottles of "Dr.
Rush's Regulator" I ordered, and which I
express last week, I have taken nearly
one bottle and am thoroughly satisfied with
the results. For over twenty years I have
been troubled with sharp pain at my heart. My
physician, upon examination, pronounced it
enlargement of the heart, and was unable
to give me any relief. The trouble grew
worse until I had become convinced that I
could not be cured. While in New York
City, last week, I called upon one of the
most prominent physicians there, who
charged me \$25 for an examination and then
recommended your "Regulator." Knowing
you to be a regular Medical Association, and
not a patent medicine scheme, I ordered the
three bottles. I have not been troubled
since I commenced taking them, but shall con-
tinue and take the entire three bottles so as
to obtain a permanent cure. You have my
thanks. I am, and shall be, very
respectfully,
Wm. G. OSGOODBY.

Dr. Rush's "Regulator"

has never failed to give relief. It has been
used successfully for years, and curing the
most stubborn cases of heart difficulties.
A positive cure for Enlargement, Palpita-
tion, Fluttering and other heart troubles.
It is a regular Medical Association, and
not a patent medicine scheme. I ordered the
three bottles. I have not been troubled
since I commenced taking them, but shall con-
tinue and take the entire three bottles so as
to obtain a permanent cure. You have my
thanks. I am, and shall be, very
respectfully,
Wm. G. OSGOODBY.

STOCK SCALES WANTED!

I want to buy some stock scales—must be
as good as new.
JAS. M. THOMAS,
4-sep14 Paris, Ky.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

Land, Stock, Utensils, &c.

HAVING rented my farm at Stony Point,
I will sell at public sale, on

WEDNESDAY, October 3d, '83,

my stock, crop, utensils, &c., consisting as
follows: 4 work mules; 1 pair No. 1 work
mules; 1 Bourbon Wilkes stud colt; 1 two-
year-old work mule; 6 cows with calves;
yearling steers; 35 shoats; 8 brood sows; 3
yearling boars of the Cheshire breed; 300 Cot-
swold and Southdown breeding ewes, bred to
Southdown bucks; 12 Southdown ewes; 8
Southdown buck lambs; 2 two-horse wagons;
2 hay racks; 1 new corn planter and check-
rowed 2 Wood twelve bladed; 2 corn shellers;
1 buggy and spring wagon; 45 stands of Italian
hens; barrows, plows, &c.
1-sep14 J. T. QUISENBERRY.

SCHOLARS WANTED

—IN—

MUSIC AND PAINTING.

MRS. MILLIE N. LONG, Paris, Ky.,
respectfully solicits orders for Crayon
Portraits, which she is now making a spec-
ialty of, and is rendering entire satisfaction.
Also, will teach a limited number of scholars
in Crayon and Oil Painting, and in
Music. Residence on Main Cross street, near
Freight depot. 1-sep1m

Valuable Small Farm

—AT—

PUBLIC SALE.

HAVING moved to Texas two years ago
and have determined to close out all of
my interests in this State, I will sell at pub-
lic sale, on

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 26th, '83,

my farm of

80 ACRES OF LAND,

near Centerville, Bourbon county. The land
is in a high state of cultivation, two-thirds
of it being tilled, and it is finely adapted for
tobacco as well as land in the county—some of
it being maiden soil. The farm is well-
watered, has a comfortable residence, a fine
barn and other necessary improvements.
There is also a good orchard and many other
desirable features for a small farm. It lies
immediately on the Hill pike, running from
the Georgetown to the Leesburg pike.
Sale positive, and terms given on day of
sale.

For further particulars, address
J. T. HILL, Centerville, Ky.

'KIMMY' KIMBROUGH, JAS. S. HUFF

KIMBROUGH HOVSE,

CARLISLE, KY.

KIMBROUGH & HUFF, Prop'rs.

Large and Commodious Sample Rooms
on first floor for commercial men. Bag-
gage transferred to and from the depot
free of charge.

H. E. BOSWELL, V. H. BOSWELL.

ASHLAND HOUSE,

LEXINGTON, KY.

H. E. BOSWELL & SON, Prop'rs.

Centrally located, on Short street, near the
Post-office. Rates, \$2 per day.

Walnut and Cherry Logs.

Will pay cash for logs ten, twelve and
fourteen feet long. Must be straight
and clear of bad defects, and not less than
eighteen inches in diameter.
apr.6-m J. M. THOMAS.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

LAND, STOCK & CROP.

As Administrator of Mrs. Martha A. Penn,
we will sell on

THURSDAY, SEPT. 27TH, 1883.

the farm consisting of 130 acres, situated on
Millersburg and Cane Ridge pike, 2 1/2 miles
from Millersburg and 6 miles from Paris,
adjoining lands of J. B. Sandusky, Jos.
McClelland and Robt. Tarr. Said farm in a
state of cultivation. 30 acres just cleared, 20
acres in wheat and balance in bluegrass and
clover. Farm has new cottage of six rooms,
all outbuildings new, consisting of two
barns, good cistern, &c. Also young orchard
of 150 selected fruit trees. The stock, crop,
etc., consists of 2 No. 1 milch cows and
calves, 1 mule colt, two yearling steers, 1
saddle horse, 1 bay mare, 2 No. 1 family and
harness horses, 1 No. 1 saddle horse,
Montrose, 2 good bugles and harness, 1 yoke
oxen, 7 fat hogs, 30 Cotswold ewes, 6 yearling
heifers, 300 or 400 bushels of oats, 100 bushels
wheat, 30 acres corn, reaper and mower com-
bined; 1 rick of hay, 1 2-horse wagon, farm-
ing implements, &c.
Sale to commence at 10 o'clock. Terms
reasonable, and made known day of sale.
JOHN TARR,
J. W. HUTSELL,
Administrators.

PARIS PLANING MILLS.

GEO. B. MINTER, - - MANAGER.

SOLICIT orders for Doors, Sash, Blinds,
Moulding, Brackets, Finish Timber and
Prepared carpentry. Will not contract the
erection of houses.
Orders for lumber or mill-work may be
sent per telephone from Overby & Co.'s office
on Bank Row.
J. M. THOMAS,
Proprietor.

POOR-HOUSE KEEPER

WANTED!

NOTICE is hereby given that bids will be
received by the undersigned Committee
up till the 15th day of October, 1883, for
keeper of the Bourbon County Poor-House
for the year beginning March 1, 1884 and
ending March 1, 1885. All bids will be sent
to the committee in care of Judge Turney,
at Paris, Ky., and must be accompanied by
satisfactory references as to character and
fitness.
JAMES M. STONE,
J. M. EARLOW,
N. A. JAMESON, } Com.

HOTEL FOR SALE.

HAVING DETERMINED TO MIGRATE
I will offer at private sale, the
BOURBON HOUSE, the principal hotel
property of Paris. The house is large,
roomy and comfortable. Good water,
residence in the city, and has a fine pay-
ing trade. Will sell the house and fixtures at a
bargain. For full particulars, call on ad-
dress HENRY TURNER, Proprietor.

FARM FOR SALE

PRIVATELY.

AS AGENT FOR THE WILMOT
heirs, I will offer for sale privately, the
farm of 165 acres, situated near Hutchi-
son Station, half way between Paris and
Lexington, on the K. C. Railroad, with
the branch of the Bethlehem and Hope-
well Turnpike running in front of the
door. About 60 acres are under cultiva-
tion, and balance in grass. Good brick
residence in good repair. Good water,
orchard, ice-house, barns and all neces-
sary outbuildings. This farm is a very
valuable farm—perhaps as good land as
there is in the county or bluegrass region,
and is a rare chance for purchasers de-
siring a small farm.
Call on or address me at Paris, Ky.
J. SMITH KENNEY, Agt.

Paris Omnibus Line.

Two first-class busses will connect with
all passenger trains at the Paris depot.
fare, 25 cents to the hotels or any part of
the city or suburbs. Trunks, 15 cents
extra. No charge for valises.
L. F. MANN, Prop'r.

J. L. TAYLOR & CO.,

THE CLOTHIERS.

LARGEST STOCK!

LOWEST PRICES!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

Hats, Furnishing Goods and Trunks a Specialty.

NO TIME TO LOSE!

I HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE IN WAITING
on my customers to write an advertisement for
this sparkling little paper, but will hurriedly
say that I have just returned from New York,
and that

NEW GOODS

are tumbling in on me from EVERY TRAIN.
All that I can say now, is to COME—yes, come
NOW and lose no time yourself in securing
pick and choice from my large and varied selection
of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS,
NOTIONS, &c., &c.

A. NEWHOFF,
PARIS, KY.

AT COST!

We intend to close out our entire stock of
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS
Within ninety days. If you desire the greatest
bargain of your life, call and examine our goods
and prices. WE MEAN BUSINESS. COME
AND SEE US.
McCLURE & INGELS.

THIS WEEK

We desire to state to the public that we keep in stock a full supply
of the celebrated "ALLIGATOR" coal and wood cook stoves. The
Alligator has held a prominent place in this market for more than
twenty years and can be found in use in every section of the county.
We are ready to offer a premium for a single instance where it has
not given the very best satisfaction. We are now receiving a com-
plete stock of all kinds of heating stoves for parlors, stores and halls,
including the best base burner for hard and soft coal made. We also
keep in stock a good clean supply of all goods usually found in a
first-class Store and Tin Store, among which may be found the cele-
brated PURIFYING PUMP, and the equally celebrated MONITOR
COAL OIL STOVES, &c., &c.

For executing first-class job work in Tin, Copper and Sheet iron, we
flatter ourselves that we need no further mention.
Please call and examine our stock, and you will verify our statements.

MILLIGAN & PERRY.

WILLS' WORLD WORM CANDY,

The most delightful worm remedy on the market. Old reliable med-
icine put in nicely flavored sticks of candy, that children take with
pleasure. Sold by all drug and country stores. Ask for it and save
it a trial. Warranted pure.

JAMES K. DAVIS. GARRETT DAVIS

DAVIS & DAVIS,

MERCHANT TAILORS.

(OPPOSITE THE COURT-HOUSE.)

Are now daily receiving importations of a very
elegant line of Fall Cassimeres, Dude Cloths,
Cheviots, &c., all of which are of the newest and
nobbiest styles.

Having never made a misfit in all of our past Spring and Summer
trade, we need not fear guaranteeing entire satisfaction on that score.

Call and see us; we'll not only suit exactly in an outfit, but we'll save
you money.